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A
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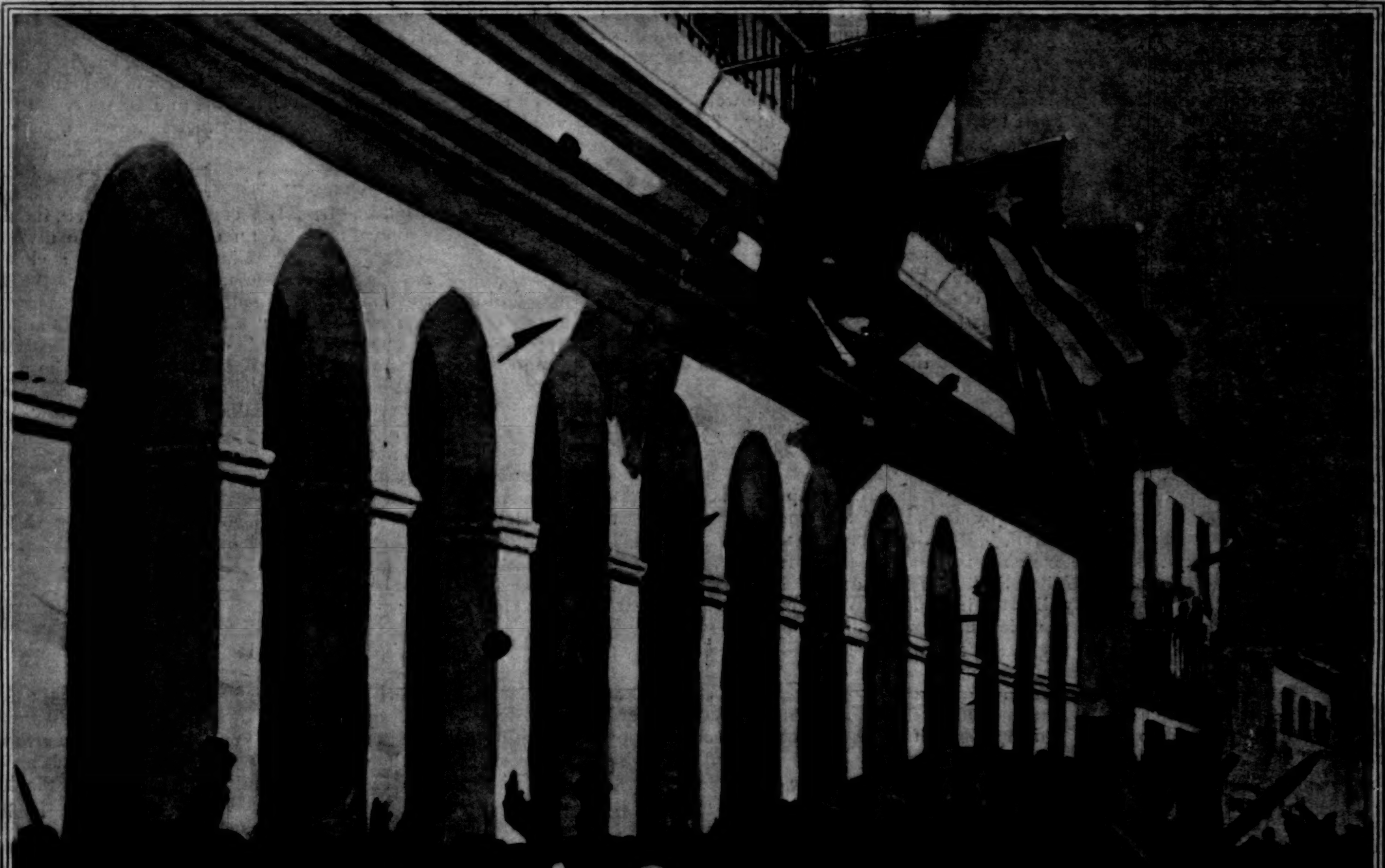

HAVANA—10TH U. S. CAVALRY QUELLING A TUMULT AROUSED BY THE DISPLAY OF THE SPANISH FLAG ON A BUSINESS HOUSE.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER A SKETCH BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN CUBA.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 4, 1899

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A Harmless Dictatorship

IT is announced that the President is desirous that the Senate should ratify the Paris treaty in order that he may be relieved of the burdens of dictatorship. He dreads, it is said, the contemplation of a long summer of unlicensed power in Puerto Rico and the Philippines. We are also in receipt of specious letters from land-hungry expansionists, warning us of our mistake in opposing ratification, because, we are told, if the treaty fail, the President will be a dictator. We trust, however, that the friends of American institutions, who still have faith in the principles of the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitution, will not be misled by this foreboding cry anent the possibility of Mr. McKINLEY's dictatorship, for there is nothing in it. In the first place, it is not quite ingenuous. If Mr. McKINLEY is very much opposed to being a dictator, why did he sign the measure providing for the temporary government of Hawaii, in which he is made a dictator by a joint resolution which enacts that all "civil, judicial, and military powers . . . . shall be exercised in such manner as the President of the United States shall direct"? He is therefore already dictator in Hawaii—dictator by a joint resolution which he signed, and which is more than likely to remain in force at least well on into the next session of Congress. Moreover, whether the treaty be ratified or not, he must remain as much a dictator in Cuba as he is or can be in Puerto Rico or the Philippines, while if the treaty be ratified, he will be a dictator everywhere until Congress sees fit to legislate and to frame colonial governments. In a word, the dictatorship, such as it is, must exist through the coming summer and as much longer as Congress neglects to provide colonial governments.

As to the merits of the contention, there seems to us to be no doubt, whatever one may think of Mr. McKINLEY's executive capacity, or of the character of his advisers, that his rule as a so-called dictator will, for the present, be much better than Congressional rule can possibly be. In the first place, his dictatorship is a misnomer. Mr. McKINLEY's rule as commander-in-chief may be considered irresponsible, judged by civilian standards, but it will be constitutional; it will be a dictatorship modified by a fear of the public opinion of the country and of his party; it will be a rule which must rest within certain bounds, under penalty of impeachment for their infringement. Moreover, the agents of this rule will be officers of the regular army, who are already demonstrating in Cuba their capacity for governing. The work which is being done in Santiago by General WOOD, and that which is about to be begun by General LUDLOW in Havana, which will soon transform those pest-holes into clean and healthy cities, are and will be object-lessons which must materially lessen the effect of appeals to our sentiments against a dictatorship.

We inevitably think of what will follow if this alleged dictatorship of the army be done away with. In the first place, the rule of the commander-in-chief will be succeeded by the rule of Congress. We believe, of course, in the rule of Congress as it is regulated and restrained by the Constitution; but the most eager of the imperialists are now contending that the Constitution does not apply to the government of colonies beyond placing in the hands of the legislative branch of the government the sole power to make rules for their regulation. They say that the power to take territory is an incident of sovereignty, and that the power to govern territory so taken is also a necessary incident of sovereignty. They forget, apparently, that the present taking is not by the sovereign of this country, but by its agent—an agent with well-defined and limited powers. In this republic the people are the sovereign, and the sovereign acts through the enactment of constitutional law, the government being merely the agent of the sovereign, acting under and in accordance with the commands and directions of constitutional law. Therefore, if it be true that our power to take and govern colonies is ours merely as an incident of sovereignty, it is the sovereign people and not the administration or Congress, the agents of the sovereign, who have a right to determine the question of taking or governing. If, then, this treaty be ratified, we shall govern these colonies outside of the Constitution. In any event they will be governed by Congress, which will be wholly irresponsible, and we shall see the military officers now administering local affairs supplanted by such politicians as Congressmen and other politicians usually select.

The alternative, then, is whether we shall permit the army to control and administer the affairs of these islands, or turn them over to the politicians. If Mr. McKINLEY's dictatorship continue a little longer, the people will have an opportunity to pass on the whole question. That this is their right is the unconscious admission of those who contend that our power over territories is an incident of sovereignty. Then why not yield to the sovereign its rights? Why should the agent assume powers that belong solely to the principal? Are not the President and the Republican leaders in Congress afraid that the sovereign will resent such a usurpation by its agents? Moreover, it is certain that the condition of the people of the Philippines, if the insurgents cease their warfare upon us, will be much better under army administration than it can be under the administration of such politicians as will inevitably be appointed if the treaty be ratified and the islands come to us.

The Saloon

THERE has been a good deal of discussion stirred up by Bishop POTTER's endorsement of the common remark that the "saloon is the poor man's club," meaning thereby that the poor man will frequent the saloon until something better, and at least as attractive, is provided for him. We take it that Bishop POTTER was simply expressing his opinion of the crudity of our efforts to deal with the liquor problem.

There is no difference of opinion among intelligent people and good citizens as to the character of the liquor-saloon. It is a breeder and promoter of intemperance; the cause of poverty, visiting its evils upon the innocent as well as upon the self-indulgent; the prolific cause of vice, crime, and political corruption. The civic and social health of the community, and the moral and physical health of hundreds of thousands of drunkards and tipplers and their suffering families, would be much the better if there were not a dram-shop in existence. It is probably true that the beer-shop to which the German takes his family may be comparatively innocent, but the liquor-saloon of the American or the Irishman or the Englishman is a place to which its patrons resort principally for stimulation and drunkenness. This is the saloon with which we have to deal, and its club feature is its most dangerous and insidious side, for those who enter it for the purpose of the warmth, light, and society which they cannot find in their tenements enter into a maelstrom of temptation, resistance to which by weary and insufficiently nourished men is wellnigh impossible. The hosts of saloon-frequenters, besides including all the vicious and criminal classes, are a great army of voters, led by saloon-keepers, who vote them in the interests of the saloon, which are inevitably the interests of corruption.

For a great many reasons the community is interested in putting down the saloon. Its youth are in danger from it. The property, the comfort, and the very lives of its citizens are constantly threatened by criminals who are bred and stimulated by it. It can never enjoy good municipal government until the saloon is of less importance in its politics than it is now. And yet, vital as it is, the problem has never been approached by the community, or by any large part of it, in a rational or philosophic spirit. Good men have worked over it, only to demonstrate that extreme methods of dealing with this evil are of no avail so long as the appetite for alcoholic stimulants is so universal as it is. We have found that prohibition does not work, because the law is not administered effectively. Knowing, then, that the problem is one of administration, our crude notion has been that we might control the evil by legislation. We have therefore sought to accomplish our object by law, regulating the liquor business, fixing the hours at which saloons must be closed, shutting them up entirely on Sunday. We have endeavored also to tax them out of existence, without much success. As to the regulations which provide that saloons shall not be opened after a certain hour of the night, or at all on Sunday, or during the voting hours of election day, we have found that they also provide the administrative officers of the law and the party leaders with something to sell for money or votes or influence. What the law denies to the saloon is sold to him by the guardians of the law, or by those who control the politics of the locality. The saloon-keeper who pays can keep open after hours or on Sunday. And in rural districts it is the common experience that a high license breeds the outlaw saloon—the saloon that pays nothing, which is protected by the local politicians for the votes of their numerous customers. Moreover, the effort to regulate the evil by legislation forces the saloon-keepers into a defensive union, unites and therefore strengthens them.

The fact is, if we are to break up the saloon, we must throw the responsibility upon the administrative power of the government. Legislation there must be, as a matter of course, but it should be legislation that makes the task of the police simple, as inevitable as possible, and that gives to them nothing to sell. Notwithstanding the apparent inconsistency, we believe that the State should get as large an income as possible out of the saloons, and should rigidly limit their number. Then the saloon should be frankly recognized as an evil, inevitable perhaps, but still an evil. It should always be under police surveillance, and when a charge is made against a saloon-keeper *per se*, the policy of the criminal law should be reversed. The presumption ought to be against him. His life and business should be made abhorrent and difficult. The hand of the State should be against him and his customers. Drunkenness ought to be regarded as more of an offence than it is, and the law against selling liquors to drunkards and minors should be strengthened and more firmly enforced. When the saloon is brought definitely within the pale of the criminal and vicious classes, the Squirrel Inns will have a better chance than they have now, but to that end we must look to administration and not to legislation; indeed, some of our existing regulative legislation should be repealed.

The Canal Bill

THE canal bill which was passed by the Senate on the 21st of January does not advance the enterprise. It entirely ignores the provisions of the concessions which have been made either to the Maritime Canal Company or to the EYRE-CRAGIN syndicate. It is contrary to the provisions of the first concession, that which is held by the company whose rights and property the Senate proposes that the government shall purchase, because that concession expressly provides that it "shall in no case be transferable to governments or to foreign public powers." It completely ignores the EYRE-CRAGIN concession, which, however, is an act of the Nicaragua Legislature.

The bill, in a word, provides that the government shall buy the property of the present Maritime Canal Company at its worth, the price paid not to exceed $5,000,000. The present stock is to be cancelled, and 1,000,000 shares of new stock issued, of which the government is to own 925,000 shares. This makes the government apparently a partner in the enterprise which is being carried on in Nicaragua; but it does not follow from the bill that the canal will be dug along any of the routes which have been surveyed; nor does it follow, if we properly interpret the bill, that the Maritime Company will receive anything at all for its old stock, for the simple reason that the adherence of the Nicaraguan government to the terms of the old concession, or to the concession made to Messrs. EYRE and CRAGIN, will make valueless the company's franchise, and consequently the work already performed by it. An amendment offered by Senator SPOONER, and adopted, forbids the purchase of the Maritime Company's stock if the canal is not to be built on its concession.

If Nicaragua is obstinate, the government is authorized to negotiate for a new route, and may go anywhere for that purpose—may even enter into negotiations with the Panama Company, if we read the bill correctly. There is much negotiation to be carried on; for, before any work is done, negotiation is necessary, not only with Nicaragua, but with other Central-American powers, and especially with Great Britain for the modification of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty. Perhaps it would not be absolutely correct to say that we are as far as ever from an interoceanic canal, but we will get to the proper point of beginning if the bill pass the House of Representatives, for the President will then be directed to clear the ground for the work of legislation and construction.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS has agreed to be the successor of Dr. Lyman Abbott as pastor of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn Dr. Hillis comes to Brooklyn from Chicago, where for four years he has been pastor of the Central Church, in the pulpit of which he succeeded Dr. David Swing. It is stated that he made it the most popular church in Chicago. When Dr. Abbott gave notice, and the brethren at Plymouth began to look about for a new shepherd, their eye was soon attracted by Dr. Hillis as a pastor whose gifts seemed suited to their necessities. Presently their advisory committee sent a subcommittee to Chicago to view him and hear him discourse. The subcommittee came back full of praise and enthusiasm. Brother Stephen White said they went to Chicago intending to be icicles, and came back melted. Brother Raymond was charmed. Brother Brooks declared Dr. Hillis to be the ideal pastor for young men. Brother Thomas Shearman admitted that he had fallen in love, but he warned the brethren that Dr. Hillis was preaching to a congregation worth $300,000,000, which was anxious to build him a new church, and double a salary already larger than Plymouth could pay, so that Plymouth would not get him unless it wanted him desperately and unanimously.

In spite of the attractions of the field in Chicago, Dr. Hillis was willing to consider the necessities of Brooklyn. He came to Brooklyn, lectured before the Plymouth League on Ruskin, and preached a trial sermon in Plymouth Church. The lecture and the sermon settled the matter. On January 16 the church held a business meeting, and called him by a vote of 246 to 6. Five days later he accepted the call in a long and interesting telegram to Brother Shearman.

Dr. Hillis is about forty years old, and has an impetuous delivery which reminds some persons of that of the late Bishop Brooks. He will be Plymouth Church's third pastor. Dr. Beecher preached there from 1847 to 1887; Dr. Abbott, from 1888 to 1899.

ANOTHER important place, that has been much longer vacant than the Plymouth Church pulpit, is reported to have been filled. A despatch from Providence, dated January 21, says that the committee of six appointed last September to find a new President for Brown University has done its work, and will announce its choice to the corporation on the morning of February 8, at half past ten o'clock. The committee is said to be confident that it has made an excellent selection, which will be ratified by the corporation, but no hint has been dropped as to who the new President is to be.

Meanwhile no new discoveries of likely Presidents for Yale have been announced, and the rumor recently disclosed that Amherst is meditating upon the attractions of Dr. Henry Van Dyke does not seem important.

THE brisk demand for college Presidents for uses outside of their immediate calling has been illustrated recently in the appointment of President Angell as minister to Turkey, the nomination of President Low for Mayor of New York, and the effort to induce President Gilman to serve as a member of the War Investigating Commission. The newest example of it is the appointment of President Schurman of Cornell as president of the commission named by the President to go to the Philippine Islands, investigate and consider the situation there, and give advice as to what our government ought to do next. Cornell was pleased at Dr. Schurman's appointment, and on January 23 the university exchanged farewells with him at a crowded meeting. Dr. Schurman said he felt honored by the duty intrusted to him, but that he expected to be back in Ithaca to stay by the beginning of the next college year (October proximo). He said, somewhat rashly, it would seem, "I shall never accept a foreign mission after my return from Manila."

It may be fortunate for Harvard that her President is enough of a Democrat not to be readily available to help solve the problems of the present administration.

TWO good men have spoken notably about the case of Congressman-elect Roberts, the gentleman from Utah, who is credited with having three wives. Colonel T. W. Higginson, of Cambridge, being asked to join the executive committee of the Anti-Polygamy League, which aims to exclude polygamists from Congress, has declined on the personal ground that he belongs to too many organizations already, and for the additional reason that he has not been able to make up his mind that Mr. Roberts ought to be excluded. He is opposed to polygamy, of course, but he does not find that Mr. Roberts has violated the law by marrying any extra wives since Utah became a State; and as for Mormonism, apart from polygamy, though presumably he dislikes that too, he is averse to persecution of that or any other form of belief.

Ex-Senator Edmunds has also discussed the case of Mr. Roberts, and has done so in a way that seems to settle certain points in it for good. In an article published in the *Christian Herald* he notes that, now that Utah is a State, polygamous marriages occurring in that State cannot be punished by the Federal government, and that if, as appears, Mr. Roberts is not violating any State law by living with all three of his wives, he can't be punished at all. Neither can he be excluded from Congress because he is a polygamist. If he has been fairly elected, and satisfies the requirements of the Constitution as to age, residence, and citizenship, he must be admitted. But Mr. Edmunds points out that after he has taken his seat he may be expelled by a two-thirds vote of his fellow-members if they think that for any reason he is unfit to keep his place. If the House does not take action about him, Mr. Edmunds considers that (supposing the facts about him to be as stated) "it will give its acquiescent approval of the conduct of Mr. Roberts, and of the action of the people who elected him with full knowledge of the circumstances, and henceforth it will be justly considered that the House has no disposition to interfere with the practice of polygamy in Utah."

Mr. Edmunds's opinion as to what ought to be done is sufficiently obvious, but the question is likely to be further discussed whether Congress, by tolerating Mr. Roberts, whose marriages all took place before Utah prohibited polygamy by law, would really justify the inference that it did not mind polygamy in Utah.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING and his wife sailed from Liverpool on January 25, on the *Majestic*, for this port. They are coming not to lecture, nor to talk to reporters, but apparently for fun, which, rumor says, they will look for in Washington. It is impossible that Mr. Kipling should not be an object of interest in this country wherever he goes, and impossible that the newspapers should not pay attention to him and try to learn his views on various subjects. As he is known to be the bard of British imperialism, there will be a special desire to know how American expansion strikes him. He is a bold man to come back here at a time when his political views are likely to be so much in request. Let us hope he will bear with philosophy and good-humor the inconveniences which attend distinction, and that he may have fun enough to tempt him to overstay that meagre two months to which his visit threatens to be limited.

WILL our friends in the West, both on the Pacific coast and in the Mississippi Valley, please have an eye out for a reprehensible person who sometimes describes himself as George W. Thayer, and at other times as R. W. Gardner, and doubtless uses other names still? He represents himself as agent of "The International Fashion Company" and "The Bazar Fashion Company," neither of which, so far as known, exists, except in his imagination. He also feigns to be an agent for the house of Harper & Brothers, which corporation does exist as heretofore, but does not employ him. His method is to make some proposition so absurd as to be suspicious, but set forth in blank forms of agreement, on the strength of which he collects four or five dollars, or less, and moves on. Do not dally with this person, for he is an impostor. The Messrs. Harper have warned the trade not to pay money to any person on their account, saying, "All payments intended for Harper & Brothers should be made in the form of bank draft, post-office money-order, express money-order, or cheque—all payable to the order of Harper & Brothers."

BISHOP POTTER has his trials. It has gone abroad in the land that he has defended drinking-saloons. It seems probable that in the first place what he said in the matter was correctly reported, but in passing from newspaper to newspaper and from commentator to commentator his remarks seem to have got so seriously disfigured that he has been constrained to resort to explanations. To an inquiry from Ohio as to whether he said that the saloon was "the poor man's club" and a necessity, he has answered:

> In a recent address in behalf of coffee-houses, coffee-wagons, coffee-carts, and the like, I stated that something answering to the saloon—*i. e.*, place of inexpensive recreation and refreshment—would always be a necessity. I may add that, until it is provided, the mischiefs of the saloon, which nobody recognizes more clearly than I, will continue. The saloon may be driven to cover, but it cannot be abolished. Something better, something wholesome, harmless, undefiled, and undefiling, must take its place, and so expel by substitution.

The discussion has reached other clergymen. The *World* published a sermon by Dr. Parkhurst, in which he was represented as finding great virtues in saloons and saloon-keepers, and in extolling especially the great work they did in feeding the hungry. After extracts from this discourse had been telegraphed up and down the land, it turned out that Dr. Parkhurst's sermon had got mixed up in the *World* office with that of another clergyman, and that the part relating to saloons set forth the other gentleman's views.

Bishop Potter believes in "squirrel inns," where no liquor is sold, as rivals and substitutes for rum-shops. Dr. Rainsford goes him one better. He says New York requires rum-shops of some sort; that the present saloon is an institution bad in every way, and that the way to better things is to put good saloons in competition with bad ones. Dr. Rainsford's idea of a good saloon seems to be one where honest men sell honest liquor at a fair price. He advocates the introduction of the Gothenburg system in New York, where, he says, "the present retail liquor trade is the greatest swindle on earth."

GOOD saloons are better than bad ones. "Squirrel inns" are good so far as they go, and are doubtless better for their patrons than any saloons where liquor is sold. But the temperance saloons, be they ever so good of their kind, will never get more than their share of the trade. One drawback to them is that they are liable to stink a little of virtue, and of course the normal man blooms somewhat sadly in that aroma. If the problem is to set up new dives which shall compete with saloons as places of resort, why would it not be a good plan to spend some money in developing the social side of the barber shop. There is something always going on in the barber shop, and that eases the atmosphere and promotes sociability. The news has passed in barber shops these thousands of years. Think of the atmosphere of them, how homelike and restful it is—the warmth, the faint smell of hair-oil, the mugs with familiar names lettered on them, the click of shears, the flopping of the razors on the strops, the newspapers, the pictures, the man who is having his mustache dyed and curled! Oh, there is a great deal that is consoling about barber shops, and though they are absolutely virtuous places, they don't smell so. The number of men required to support a saloon in good style could maintain a commodious barber shop, with plenty of chairs and papers, and have money enough left at the end of the year to buy a farm and escape the temptations of the city.

PERSONS who wish to inform themselves as to the scope, quality, and possibilities of Uncle Sam's new responsibilities are hereby counselled and invited to read HARPER'S WEEKLY. In the interest of the WEEKLY and its readers, Mr. Franklin Matthews, the observing gentleman who memorably disclosed the wide-openness of Chicago and New York, is on his way to Cuba to take note of the people of that island, its agricultural and commercial conditions, and the outlook for enterprises there. Mr. T. Dart Walker, the artist, is there now, making pictures.

Mr. William Dinwiddie and Mr. R. F. Zogbaum are recording what they know about Puerto Rico from personal observation.

Ex-President Dole of Hawaii has written of the situation and conditions in the Hawaiian Islands, and his views are supplemented by articles by Mr. Caspar Whitney, who has lately been to Hawaii on a quest for information.

As to the Philippines, Mr. Frank D. Millet, a very noted correspondent, is writing to the WEEKLY about Manila, and Mr. John F. Bass is travelling among the islands, learning all he can of all existing conditions, and laying before the WEEKLY'S readers, by letter and picture, what he learns.

What careful readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will not know about the Spanish islands and Hawaii may, indeed, be worth knowing, but it is not likely to be known.

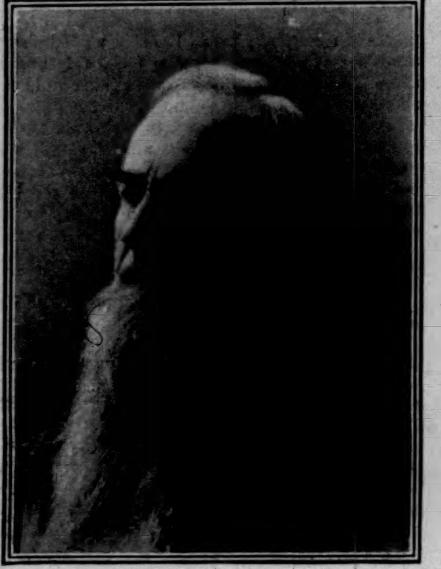
A MUSICALE, the second of two, will be given on February 8, at half past three o'clock, at the house of Mrs. Dimock, 25 East Sixtieth Street, for the benefit of the New York Kindergarten Association. Tickets, at five dollars each, may be bought at Sherry's, Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street.

The object of the Kindergarten Association is to maintain free kindergartens in New York, in localities where they are most needed. The kindergarten has won its fight in the educational world, and pretty much every one whose opinion is valuable concedes its great usefulness. It is especially valuable for the development of children in cities, in their early years, before they are old enough to go to the public schools. Sometime kindergartens will be a regular part of the public-school system; but New York has not got to that yet, and the free kindergartens at present have to depend on private benevolence and public spirit for their support.

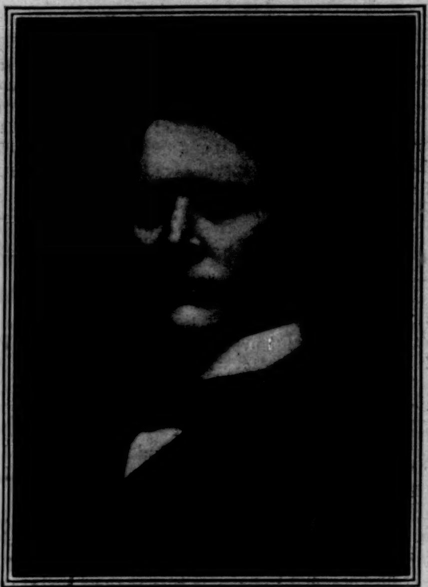
The work is a good work; the people who have it in hand are good people. Their musicale will be a good musicale, and, judging from its list of patronesses, one of high social distinction. The house, by-the-way, in which it will take place, was formerly the city home of Mr. C. A. Dana.

THE Irish came out wonderfully strong in General Eagan's testimony in his own defence before the court martial, as it did in his declaration before the Investigating Committee. He certainly has a fine gift of language. "On my honor and before God, not the color of one cent did I receive!" Surely it is worth some embarrassments to be able to speak like that. General Eagan's rhetoric carries much conviction. He may be a misplaced man, but his honesty, which has not been called into question in the court martial, must be absolute, so far as he knows. It may be that his sense as to propriety of conduct is in inverse proportion to his sense of propriety in language.

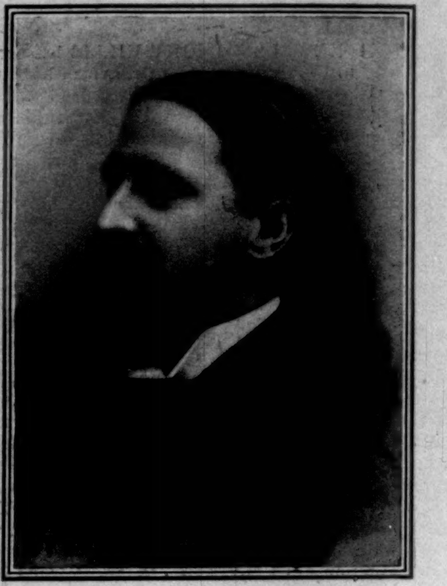
IT is a great tribute that Madame Adelina Patti has paid to matrimony in leading to the altar a third consort. Her first husband, the Marquis de Caux, whom she married in 1868, had the indelicacy to get a divorce from her on account of her attachment to Signor Nicolini. This attachment survived her marriage to Nicolini in 1886, and continued until his death on January 18, 1898. If it had been her sole attachment, possibly she would have felt indisposed to form another, but while one sainted memory may do to cherish for aye, two sainted memories make a good pair to draw to, and very possibly Madame Nicolini has done well in emphasizing the close of her year of widowhood by a new alliance. Her new husband, Baron Cederstrom, is a Swede, and has lately been engaged in the health-gymnastic business in London. His age is thirty; hers, fifty-six—giving an average for both of forty-three: a time of life which the blending of experience with expectation makes particularly suitable for the undertaking of new enterprises.



HON. JONATHAN ROSS,
The newly appointed Senator from Vermont.



HON. ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE,
Senator-Elect from Indiana.



HON. JOHN KEAN,
Senator-Elect from New Jersey.

Augustus H. Garland

ON January 26, Mr. Garland, whom Jefferson Davis characterized as the ablest man in the Confederacy, and whom ex-President Cleveland appointed to the office of Attorney-General, was attacked by heart-failure while arguing a case before the Supreme Court of the United States, and died almost immediately. At the suggestion of Attorney-General Griggs, and out of respect to the memory of this distinguished member of the bar, the court adjourned for the day.

Mr. Garland was born in Tipton County, Tennessee, in 1832, but grew up in Arkansas, his parents having moved from Tennessee and settled in Red River Valley when he was very young. He received his education in part at St. Mary's College, studied law, and practised in Little Rock. Though earnestly opposing secession in the Arkansas State convention in 1861, he accepted the result, was elected to the Provisional Congress which drew up the Constitution of the Confederacy, and was a member of the Confederate Senate. In 1874 he was elected Governor of Arkansas, and two years later entered the United States Senate—to which office he was re-elected in 1883, though he did not serve out his term, owing to his appointment as Attorney-General.

Senator Jonathan Ross

IN the appointment of Chief-Judge Ross, of the Supreme Court of Vermont, to succeed the late Senator Morrill, Governor Smith followed an excellent precedent established by Governor Dillingham, who appointed Luke P. Poland, then Chief Judge of the Supreme Court, in 1865, to succeed Senator Collamer, who died in the harness. Jonathan Ross was born in Waterford, Vermont, April 30, 1826, and is therefore seventy-two years old. Up to the age of twenty-one his life was spent on a rugged Vermont farm, and when he decided to go to college a neighboring farmer regretfully remarked, "It's too bad to spoil a good farmer out of that boy just to make a poor lawyer." He was graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1851.

After graduation he taught school in his own State, was admitted to the bar in 1856, and began the practice of law in St. Johnsbury, where he has since resided. He represented his town three terms in the House of Representatives, and in 1870 was elected to the State Senate. The same year he was elected as one of the judges of the Supreme Court, and, after serving twenty years on the bench, was elected Chief Judge in 1890, holding the latter position until he was appointed Senator last week. Judge Ross's term of service on the Supreme Court bench is the longest in the history of the State, and he had become famous for the soundness of his doctrines, as set forth in his opinions, and for his considerate and broad-minded judgments. He has been twice married, and has a wife, two sons, and five daughters. He will serve as Senator until the next Legislature meets, in the fall of 1900, to choose his successor.

ARTHUR F. STONE.

Senator John Kean

ON the 24th of January, at Trenton, the two Houses of the State Legislature, balloting separately, chose ex-Congressman John Kean to succeed James Smith, Jr., in the office of United States Senator from New Jersey.

Mr. Kean is a member of a wealthy and influential family. He was born at Ursino, near Elizabeth, New Jersey, on the 4th of December, 1852; for a short time was a student at Yale, and was graduated at the Columbia College Law School with the class of 1875. He was admitted to the New Jersey bar, was elected to the Forty-eighth and Fiftieth Congresses, served as chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1891–2, and in the latter year was the Republican nominee for the office of Governor, but was defeated by the Democratic candidate. In 1894 he was a member of the commission appointed to revise the State judiciary and practice, and in 1896 was elected a delegate at large to the Republican National Convention.

Senator Beveridge

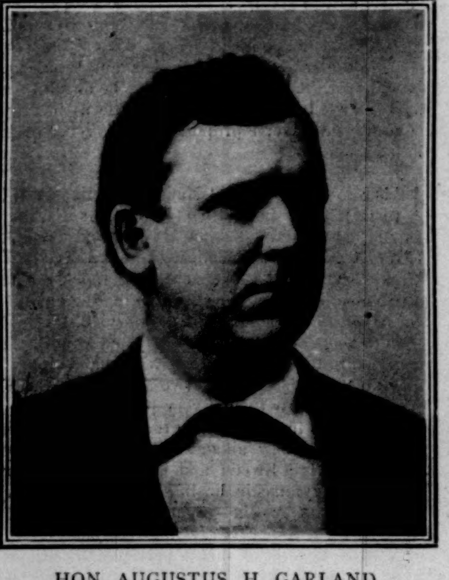
THE new United States Senator from Indiana, Albert J. Beveridge, who will take the seat vacated by Senator David Turpie on March 4, is a native of Ohio. He was born in Highland County on the 6th of October, 1862. The removal of the family from Ohio to Indiana was a consequence of serious reverses, and a life of privation and hardship began. As one of Mr. Beveridge's friends has said, "No young man ever covered a rougher road and reached a high station in so short a time." At the age of twelve he was a ploughboy; two years later he was employed as a laborer in the work of railroad construction. A logger and teamster at fifteen, he was at the same time a student at the high-school, mastering the studies of a year during the winter months. Then he borrowed fifty dollars to enter De Pauw University, and, once admitted, paid his way for two years by hard work, and for the rest of the course by prize-winning.

After graduation he entered the law-office of Joseph E. McDonald, and the firm of McDonald & Butler offered him their managing clerkship at the end of the year. During the last ten or twelve years, carrying on the practice of his profession without the aid of a partner, he has been intrusted with many important cases, and his ability has won recognition. When only twenty-two years of age he began his political career, during the Blaine campaign of 1884, addressing his first audience in a blacksmith shop, and on the second occasion speaking in a barn. It is said that he has made more speeches in Indiana, and devoted more time to his party, than any other man in the State. In 1892 he opened the campaign at Indianapolis; in 1895 and 1896 delivered speeches in Chicago, which drew to him the attention of Eastern men.

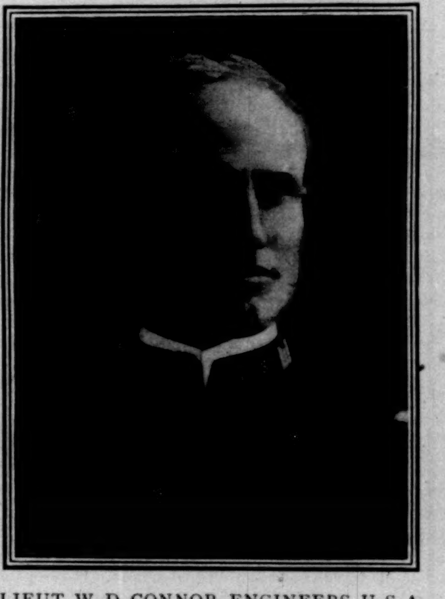
Edouard Rôd's Visit

IN response to an invitation from the Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard, M. Edouard Rôd will deliver a series of eight lectures at Cambridge on the "History of French Dramatic Poetry," the first lecture to be given on March 1, and the last on March 17. It is thought that on the conclusion of the Harvard lectures M. Rôd will be heard at Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Cornell, and other centres of learning. He will arrive in New York about February 26.

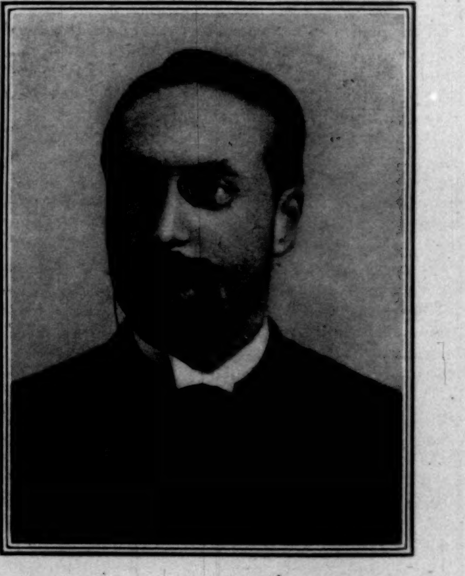
M. Rôd, one of the most versatile of modern French writers, was born at Nyon, near Geneva, in 1857. His first noteworthy production was a defence of Zola, entitled *À propos de l'Assommoir* (1879). In the following year appeared his novel *Les Allemands à Paris;* in 1881, *Palmyra Veulard;* in 1882, *La Chute de Miss Topsy* and *Les Protestants;* and two other novels in 1884. *La Revue Contemporaine* was founded by him in association with other young men, and he became well known as a contributor to several periodicals. In 1885, with the publication of *La Course à la Mort*, the full extent of his ability was indicated for the first time. The University of Geneva appointed him to a professorship, and while discharging the duties of this office his literary activity as critic and novelist has continued without interruption. His critical works, *Études sur le XIX Siècle* and *Les Idées Morales du Temps présent*, have exerted a decided influence upon the thought of the day, and, not to mention other novels, his *Le Sens de la Vie* was crowned by the French Academy, and won for M. Rôd the cross of the Legion of Honor.



HON. AUGUSTUS H. GARLAND.
Died January 26, 1899.



LIEUT. W. D. CONNOR, ENGINEERS, U. S. A.
[See Page 119.]

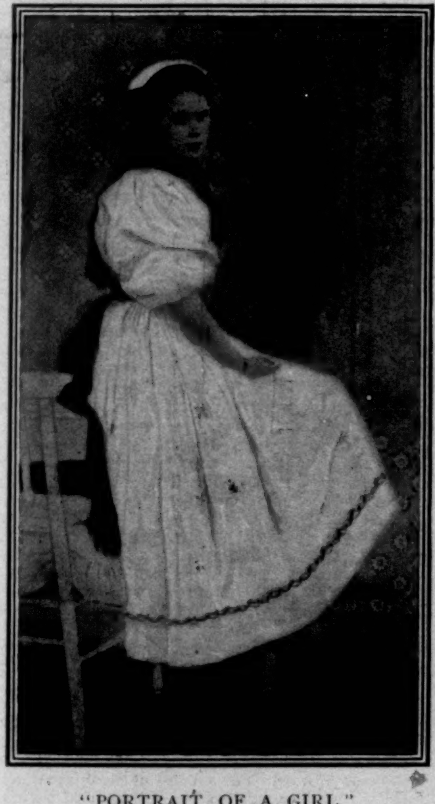


M. EDOUARD RÔD.

ONE OF FOUR DECORATIVE PANELS FOR THE JOAN OF ARC MEMORIAL CHURCH AT DOMRÉMY.—By Maurice Boutet de Monvel.

Maurice Boutet de Monvel

THE Art Institute of Chicago, co-operating with the local Society of the Antiquarians, has recently afforded Chicagoans an opportunity of studying a varied collection of the works of M. Boutet de Monvel. The artist himself has accompanied his exhibitions, and will visit in turn Philadelphia, Boston, and possibly other cities, including New York. His work was already known to American students through the publication of his series of water-color drawings illustrating the career of Joan of Arc, and also through contributions to a children's magazine. Now the originals of these may be studied, as well as examples of easel pictures, of other illustrations, of portraits, and of decorative compositions. The seriousness of purpose which all these evince, joined to a freshness of imagination, an artistic simplicity of execution, and a sentiment by turns robust, tender, or playful, gives a distinction to the exhibition that is immediately felt, and renders it delightful to the layman and very instructive to the student.



"PORTRAIT OF A GIRL."
By Maurice Boutet de Monvel.

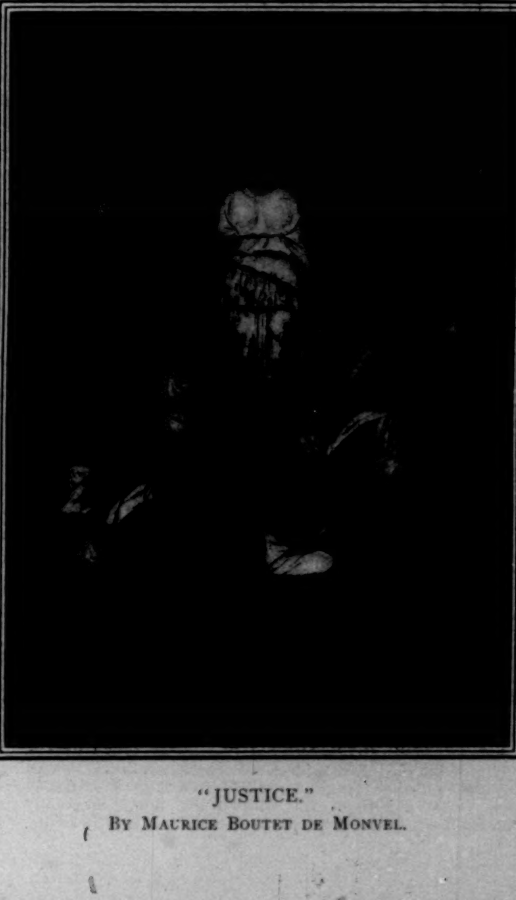
M. de Monvel was born in Orléans, France, in 1850, of a family that has also produced the famous actors Monvel, Nourrit, and Mademoiselle Mars. His grandfather came to this country and fought for American independence as a Captain of Engineers in the French allies. He himself early turned to art, and studied under Cabanel, Lefebvre, and Carolus Duran. He served as a soldier during the Franco-Prussian war, and then, resuming his brush, exhibited for the first time in the Salon of 1874.

The impression which he makes upon one is of a man refined, earnest, tender, strong, and mirthful, with a quietly penetrating mind, and a sincere connection between his words and the thought behind them. His work reflects the same qualities. This is the more remarkable because a large proportion of what is shown on this occasion is concerned with the old story of Joan of Arc; the infusing of life and reality into the dry bones of legendary and archæological lore. How easily affectation might be apparent! The average painter would be enamoured of the opportunity for pageantry, or would ape mediævalism in his methods so as to obtain an atmosphere for his compositions. M. de Monvel's methods are modern, and yet the spirit of his scenes is simply and unaffectedly mediæval. Here come in his penetration and sincerity. He sees so deeply that his mind gets beyond the envelope of prejudice, superiority, fashion, and conviction which make up the modern atmosphere. The past rises up to his vision as it was, or might have been, illuminated by its own light instead of the light of an entirely different age. Then, too, he sees it with a single-heartedness that is sincerity; not as an opportunity for a display of this or that modern accomplishment of technique, and not with the infatuation which some people feel for a thing just because it is old, and therefore, in their fancy, ideal, but simply and actually as it would have seemed to a man participating in the events. Is not this, while very different from what we usually call imagination, really a very remarkable manifestation of it? The question is interesting because that other distinguished Frenchman who is visiting us, M. Tissot, in his "Life of Christ," has exhibited much the same qualities of mind; and yet many of the critics are unable to see imagination in his work. In their different ways these two men have accomplished very much the same result. Both have united to a thoroughly modern technique a spirit which is entirely old, and have revealed a power of re-creating a series of scenes that are astonishingly complex, and yet achieved with the most consummate simplicity. M. Tissot's was the harder problem; M. de Monvel's the more completely harmonious result. This was natural, for the latter was dealing with local conditions of sky and atmosphere and color that, as a Frenchman, he knew from childhood, while the other had to travel outside himself for everything. Then, remarkably good though M. Tissot's drawing is, the other man's is better. Few men, even Frenchmen, draw with more absolute knowledge, a freer hand, more expressive flexibility, and yet a stricter economy of means than M. de Monvel.

In this connection one should study the most important example of M. de Monvel's work in the present exhibition. It is a large decorative panel, one of four that are to adorn the nave of a church dedicated to Joan of Arc, in her native village of Domrémy. The building is dark, and the paintings will derive their light chiefly from above, through a row of deeply set clere-story windows. Consequently the painter has selected a high scheme of color, and made his design a patch-work of bright shapes. Seen in a full glare, as it was at Chicago, and too near the eye—an altogether false setting—it looked garish and confused, which must have been very painful to the painter, who had no doubt calculated his effects with conscientious discrimination. The subject selected is the moment in which Joan, introduced into the great hall of the Castle of Chinon, picks out the King, Charles VII., who is plainly clad, from among his brilliantly attired courtiers. An examination of the reproduction will show that the decorative effect is produced by a pattern composed of bold shapes of form. The surface of some of these is plain unadorned color, while that of others is richly elaborated with ornament, which in many cases has been covered with an impasto or raised surface of white paint, afterwards gilded. The design thus becomes a well-considered contrast of strongly pronounced form-shapes, which are still further contrasted by a nicely adjusted balance between simple and elaborate expanses. The heads and hands become the accents or emphatic spots of this flat embroidery, and their treatment is well worthy of study. On the one hand, they are not treated realistically. There is a smooth flat tone of pink and white, almost chinalike in quality, preserved throughout; modelling, as generally understood, has been studiously avoided, and there is practically a complete absence of light and shade. On the other hand, every face possesses a distinct and interesting characterization; the hands, too, are expressively individual; and all this has been obtained solely by flawless, simple, certain drawing. Only the contour is drawn, but with such intuition of the effect to be produced, and of the most accurate and abbreviated way of expressing it, that one's own imagination readily supplies the bones and muscle below the flat surface. The piece of drapery hanging over a seat in the left-hand corner of the panel is the only bit in the composition that has been painted and modelled in a realistic way. The apparent intention is that, without exactly attracting attention, it should make itself felt in such a way as to set back the brilliant elaboration of the surrounding costumes.

The influence of the Lower Chapel at Assisi is plainly discernible in this panel by M. de Monvel. It is Giottesque in suggestion, but executed with the matured knowledge of nature and art characteristic of modern development. This is not to say that it is superior to the work of Giotto. One could not approach a final comparison without seeing the Joan of Arc panel placed in the church at Domrémy; but a suspicion is felt that this modern work, notwithstanding its superior technique, so delightful so far as it goes, will not have the calm carrying force of the older work. It seems as if it might have just a taint of that bizarrerie—in plain English, fantasticalness—which takes from the value of so much modern painting. If this is so, it is certainly without intention on its author's part, for a study of his other examples, especially of the lovely portraits of children and young girls, shows a purpose and a method singularly free from affectation. It is therefore fair to assume that the painter has thoroughly grasped his problem, and that when his painting has been placed in the dim light of the village church, the kaleidoscopic complexity will merge into a unified whole, serene, dignified, and forceful.

Charles H. Caffin.



"JUSTICE."
By Maurice Boutet de Monvel.

MUSIC

THE NIBELUNGEN TETRALOGY

"'Thankee, my dear,' said Mr. Weller, senior. 'How do *you* find yourself arter it, my love?'

"'Scoffer!' exclaimed Mrs. Weller. 'Benighted man!' said the Reverend Mr. Stiggins."—*The Pickwick Papers.*

"He has been deserted by the *poet*, for whose faults he will try once more to make up by his music."—*Richard Wagner.*

THE first "Cyclus" in this country of Wagner's Nibelungen Tetralogy, as sung without cuts, last week, has passed into our splendid Wagnerian history. All subscribers to the undertaking, a matter outside of the Metropolitan's other subscription offices, surely should feel that they have had the worth of their money several times over. The daily press will have set before the national public full array of those details entering into the success of both the "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung" representations, indicating why neither music-drama, on the whole, has been quite as impressively put before New York till now. The larger reasons are, first, a matter of the noble casts. In these, not only the greater, but the lesser, rôles have offered us an assemblage of exponents not possible to any stock stage, or to any "star" one except Covent Garden. In the "Götterdämmerung" appeared Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Brema, Saville, Pevny, Meisslinger, Kellogg, the two De Reszkes, Bispham, and Muhlmann. Next must be praised heartily the new and almost always accurate scenery and properties. The "Rheingold" sets, in especial, are almost exactly like their best models—one of which is illustrated on this page of the WEEKLY. Last in virtue I should at least record Mr. Grau's much-advertised decision to make no omissions in the scores.

THE THIRD SCENE OF WAGNER'S "DAS RHEINGOLD," ACCORDING TO HOFFMANN'S DESIGN, FOR THE WAGNER THEATER AT BAIREUTH.

The "Uncut" Trilogy.

This courageous and rare condition can always be trusted to interest curious and irrational Wagnerists. It also gives the other kind their chance to hear two or three incidents in the Ring dramas that are impressive. Unfortunately, it entails listening to a dozen intolerably unmusical and undramatic passages; and in New York an uncut representation of the Trilogy does violence to every social convenience, physical nourishment, and other concerns included. Let us render unto Baireuth the exactions due to Baireuth—when we are there. In Baireuth they are not felt. These have been majestic, lovely, exhilarating representations. But "Siegfried" began at seven o'clock, and ended at a quarter before midnight! "Die Götterdämmerung" began at three-quarters past six, and ended at five minutes before midnight!

Anent "The Illogical Wagner."

In view of a somewhat surprising amount of mail-matter, and most of it surprisingly commendatory, addressed to the editor of this department last week, apropos of those observations of "The Illogical Wagner" accompanying the record of the first two dramas of the new Cyclus, it would seem to be an acceptable thing to add just a few more comments on the amusing inconsistency of Wagner's formidable Ring as it is developed in "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung." And it is of peculiar interest to observe that the cyclus-manner of performing the Tetralogy—each drama coming so fairly on the heels of its predecessor—not only enhances all the power and beauty of the towering series, but also helps us to understand the amazing want of dramatic art and of reasonable consistency in the Ring. Every ineptitude, every botch of management in Wagner's poem, is proclaimed by a "cyclus" as not otherwise.

BLANCHE MARCHESI, SOPRANO.

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Of "Siegfried."

Let us note once more that *Wotan* is acclaimed by the Wagneristic seers as a sapient and godlike figure; the Nibelungen dramas being his heroic and personal tragedy rather than anything else. "Siegfried" is before us. In "Siegfried" this profoundly wise, powerful, dignified deity has pretty much everything at stake on young *Siegfried's* existence, for *Siegmund* is dead. *Wotan* has allowed the youth to grow up under the worst conditions for establishing heroic or other useful fibre. *Wotan* cannot even mend the mystic sword for his stalwart young grandson. Whatever were *Wotan's* limitations, he could certainly have done a bit better by *Siegfried* than to commit his whole upbringing to a hostile and tricky Nibelung! But *Wotan* does not try to avoid that, it seems. *Mime* the keen is here so dull that he not only pretends to be deceived by *Wotan's* disguise as "The Wanderer," but he *is* deceived for a time, and bets his head on those pompous and turgid riddles as carelessly as if his noddle were the traditional china orange. *Mime* must have known all about *Wotan's* peregrinations. In poetic or other dramatic reasonableness the *Dwarf* never could be so hoodwinked nor so rash as to invite destruction. The forging of the Sword? The Sword is forged by *Siegfried* just exactly as it might have been forged at any earlier time by *Mime* himself. The expedient is a smith's ordinary common-sense; nothing supernatural hinders or helps it that one can accept, and *Mime* long ago could have done the filing down, melting, and re-forging. Again (the strong Ring being so weak as to fail to save *Fafner's* "drowsy life," and *Siegfried* having killed *Fafner*), what an inept expedient of the drama was it to make *Mime* talk out all his plot against the lad straight to *Siegfried's* face! Oh yes, the audience must be instructed in the *Dwarf's* villany. But that is not to the purpose. Nothing is said anywhere in the drama of a charm to make *Mime* betray himself as he might do if he were visiting Gilbert's "Palace of Truth." The blood of *Fafner* has no such virtue. In the richly musical scene between *Wotan* and *Erda*, *Wotan* talks of relinquishing to the youthful Vǒlsung the heirship of the world. How can *Wotan* brag or promise to give up what he does not possess, what is to be utterly destroyed; and how can he, except in sarcasm, give it up to one who is to die before *Wotan* himself shall die? If we pass on to the meeting between *The Wanderer* and *Siegfried* we become the more entertained and surprised at Wagner's charming inconsistency. The last thing that *Wotan* should do, in view of his own words to *Erda* (unless as a highly moral father!), is to bar *Siegfried's* way up to *Brünnhilde*. But he does so. He need not test *Siegfried's* free-agency. But he does so. The Spear about which we have heard so much is shivered. There is every reason to agree that, with the Spear shattered, also are shattered *Wotan's* foolish "treaties" and his "compacts" with the foes of the Æsir. All the stress on the God-Father is removed. But Wagner does not mind a trifle like the breaking of the Runic Spear! The piece will go on, and *Siegfried* goes on to waken *Brünnhilde*. Now, pray observe that only a "fearless" hero shall match with her. That ought to mean a rescuer heroic of courage. Is *Siegfried*—this crude, clamorous, brawling young Orson—a true fearless hero? By no means. *Brünnhilde* made a sad *mésalliance* on the false pretences of an adventurer, as so many other young ladies have done in quite modern and mortal society. And *Siegfried* does not learn fear from meeting *Brünnhilde*. He learns something quite other. Since when was Lust the same as Fear? "Mir in die Brust brach mir die Lohe .... ein zehrendes Feuer," and so on.

"The Dusk of the Gods," as a drama, not only brings the gloom of the Tetralogy to blackest flower, but is as full as all that has forerun it of "how-come-you-so" incidents and unjustified climaxes. All through the Tetralogy we have not been sure whether the Ring only or *all* the gold must be restored to the Rhine. We do not even know whether or not that operation will set things to rights or wrongs. As the Lord Chancellor observes in "Iolanthe," "H'm—it's a nice point." In "Die Götterdämmerung" we find *Siegfried* so uncertain in the "heroism" needful to defend *Brünnhilde* that *Loge* has kept up the fire which surrounds her rocky retreat—a most supererogatory attention from *Loge*; not what that sly mischief-brewer would do of his own choice or on compulsion. *Siegfried* gives the magical Ring to *Brünnhilde*, who does not need it at all just when he needs it most; because he is departing to new deeds of valor. The champion is so little divine and discreet as to accept the evil draught from *Gutrune*—in a strange dwelling, after a series of direct questions that ought to arouse suspicion in any mind not idiotic. A semi-demi-god, he is caught by a vulgar love-philter. By-the-bye, before this scene should not *Siegfried* know the powers of the Helm? Neither *Bird* nor *Fafner* told him. So when *Waltraute* begged *Brünnhilde* to give up the Ring, she declined in a sickly sentimentality to do so, though understanding all the awful fatality supposed to hang on her keeping it. When *Brünnhilde* is attacked by the supposed *Gunther* the Ring is no safeguard. *Siegfried* pulls it off her finger like a sixpenny trinket. Why, too, does she yield herself at all, and at last so compliantly, to the insulter? That true Valkyr soul should have struggled to the uttermost, even to dashing into *Loge's* billowy fires, to avoid such dishonor! In the scene of recrimination at the Gibichung's abode, *Brünnhilde* never guesses that *Siegfried* may be under some charm or other stress, excusing his dastard course toward her. Not a bit. *Brünnhilde* hastily plots his death, and tells *Hagen* to thrust at the Vǒlsung's back. In the colloquy between *Siegfried* and the Rhine Nymphs, at the pool in the woods, it is impossible to make good dramatic sense out of the changing positions, taken successively, toward the holding of the Ring by *Siegfried*, or toward his surrender of it. The scene is pretty; but it is sad nonsense as carrying on the Tetralogy's true outcome. We reach the closing scene. The tragedy of *Siegfried's* death occurs with the Ring, ironical treasure, on his hand! Last, can any one make it clear how *Brünnhilde's* immolation in any way solves the "problem of the world," or "redeems it by love," or has any real meaning in the woof and warp of the drama? Nothing has been pledged about her death being so useful. *Brünnhilde* assumes too much; and her last exceedingly long and involved allocution mixes up facts and fancies as unnecessarily as Wagner has allowed the fire of *Siegfried's* pyre to mix with the Hall of the Gibichs and with Walhalla.

No, let us not try to make the Tetralogy a structure of Æschylean, Dantesque, or Shaksperean dignity of construction or characterization. It is a stupendous, impressive, overpowering jumble of the great Lied and of bewrayed myths. Like certain notable landscapes, it looks better seen at a far range. Yet Wagner writes to Uhlig modestly, in 1852, "The whole will then be (I am impudent enough to say it) *the greatest poem ever written.*"

Mme. Blanche Marchesi.

There is much in a name—sometimes recognition, reputation, and fortune are its gifts. Much interest has been taken in the appearance in this city of Madame Blanche Marchesi, whose song recitals so far are to be regarded intently, not only for their lavish musical charm, but as giving a clear exposition of the method that the singer's distinguished mother has made of note. The success of Madame Marchesi has been so complete, her grave, brilliant, and varied intellectuality in every kind of lyric already has made so generous an impression on all her audiences, that it seems odd to find her voice by no means remarkable. It is a large, somewhat uneven, and dramatic organ, warm in its fullest register. Many tones in it lack resonance and clearness. But her use of it is an extraordinary example in the very best traits of the Marchesi care and system, if also occasionally that technique is much to be questioned. This Madame Marchesi, the younger, is not a perfect singer. But she is a great singer. She has the grand style—the grand air. She is magnificently artistic in everything that she attempts. She succeeds surprisingly in the tragedy or comedy of all lyrism. Altogether, she is the most striking artist of her sex just now on our concert stage. Incidentally, Madame Marchesi curiously realizes a *Trilby O'Farrell* in her tall and sumptuous personality. But where art is to be so brilliantly mastered and made so magnetic, Nature could have been less kind. Madame Blanche Marchesi will be much heard here for a time. It is understood that she comes here to teach Madame Mathilde Marchesi's system under authoritative conditions. More will be said of her in this journal anon. Her débuts have been convincing.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

DRAMA

> "There once were two cats of Kilkenny,
> Each thought there was one cat too many,
> So they fought and they bit—
> They gouged and they spit—
> Till instead of two cats there weren't any."

The Rival Irish Comedians of Fourteenth Street.

THE most picturesque feature of the present dramatic season is the strife of the two Irish comedians of Fourteenth Street. At the Academy of Music, Mr. Andrew Mack is presenting "The Ragged Earl," and at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, on the other side of Fifth Avenue, Mr. Chauncey Olcott is presenting "Athlone." Both plays are Irish melodramas, with plenty of fighting and singing; the time of both is the end of the last century, and the plots and scenes and costumes are strikingly similar. Both Mr. Mack and Mr. Olcott are singing comedians, and both are remarkably prosperous with their audiences. Rivalry is a tame word for the feeling that apparently exists between them. Mr. Olcott's manager rings up Mr. Mack's manager on the telephone, and asks, in the sweetest of brogues, "Would ye be afther lending us yer standing-room-only sign for the night, if ye happen to remember where ye've left it?" Mr. Mack's manager, keenly alive to the insult, answers in a brogue that lubricates the wires: "Is this the first time ye've had nade of wan? Sure ours is so batthered be use we'd be ashamed to have it go forth from us." The strife between Mr. Mack and Mr. Olcott, meanwhile, rivals the famous battle between their compatriots, the Kilkenny cats, though—Saint Patrick preserve us!—the likeness does not extend to their voices. Night after night the fight goes on, and if either is waning in strength he has not given sign of it yet. When the end comes, I doubt if so much as the tail of either is left. The singing comedians will fade like the Cheshire cat, and leave behind, if not their smiles, at least their songs. The day is far hence when the urchins of the side streets will cease singing "My Sweet Maid."

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

In her Costume Production of "Camille," showing the use of flowers at the period of the Play, 1840–50.

Melodrama in Fourteenth Street and in Broadway.

I find myself indebted to Fourteenth Street and to Mr. Mack for an evening of solid enjoyment, as well as for a comparison that may be odious to Broadway. There have been times when the good old melodrama has seemed to be sadly retreating through the slum districts to a watery grave off the Battery, but, thanks to "The Ragged Earl," we have hope. No Irish nobleman was ever more delightfully ragged than the *Earl* Mr. Ernest Lacy and Mr. Joseph Humphreys have presented to us; none ever fought his way more recklessly through a series of more diverting adventures to a sweeter wife and a more abundant fortune. "The Ragged Earl" is nothing if not superlative. There may be gentry who like the high-class adventures Mr. Anthony Hope has given us in "Phroso," and gentry who like the superficial good taste of Mr. Clyde Fitch's "Nathan Hale," which I rank as a melodrama because, in spite of its sad ending, it in no place strikes the true note of tragedy; but to my mind both of the gentlemen of Broadway have gilded the tiger-lily. The melodrama is a simple rank growth that flourishes best among simple plain people. "The Ragged Earl" has the virtue of melodrama in abundance. There may be impossibilities in its plot, but they are no worse than the scenes in which *Nathan Hale* throws away his life; and no part of the machinery is as absurd as that parlous secret passage in which *Phroso* changes her gown for the last act. There is a villain or two in the play, to be sure, but they would blush at the intrigues of Mr. Hope's Greeks and Turks, and at the obvious wickedness of Mr. Fitch's redcoats. Their wickedness is never so great as to put them outside the scope of human imagination. One's anger never fails to kindle and one's sympathy to respond. From first to last "The Ragged Earl" has a rough heroism and tenderness, a frolic humor of its own; its quality is the quality of a folk-song.

The Matinée Hero of Fourteenth Street.

I should add that much of its quality is due to the admirable manner and voice of the hero of the play. Mr. Mack tells his child lover (little Miss Olp) a fairy-tale in which the fairies break loose and eat up everything green. "Did they eat up the Irish flag?" asks the child. "Faith no," answers *The Ragged Earl;* "England tried to do that a hundred years ago, and has had an indigestion ever since." No one could imagine how witty Mr. Mack makes that jest to appear. At the end of the play, when he has at last rescued "my sweet maid" from the plots of her villanous English relatives, he is taunted with being "the degenerate scion of a conquered race." "The conquest of Ireland," he answers, "began in the twelfth century, and is not yet completed!" When you hear Mr. Mack say that, you will scarcely hold up your head for not being an Irishman. And his songs! If any one fails to be moved by the lullaby with which he sings little Miss Olp asleep after her fairy-tale—I can wish no worse to his hard heart, bad cess to him! than a life-long attendance on the polite melodramas of Broadway. No wonder everybody in the play loves Mr. Mack—except the villains—and everybody in the audience without exception. In those rare moments of abandon when I am a matinée girl, I shall do up my dishes early on all my Wednesdays out, and go in my best bonnet and petticoat to hear brave, kind Mr. Mack sing "My Sweet Maid."

Melodrama vs. Old Comedies, at Daly's.

There are times and places in which one does not care for melodrama, even when it has its full native quality. At Daly's Theatre the season of revivals of old comedies is to be cut short to make way for "The Great Ruby," last year's Drury Lane success, by Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, which has been imported with all its costumes and scenery. This is even harder to bear than Mr. Daly's autumn season of musical comedies, to which we have only lately accommodated ourselves. It does not help matters that Miss Rehan has never shown greater power of impersonation nor authority in reading than at present. This department has already paid tribute to her latest creation, *Portia*, which ran more than fifty nights. Her excellent *Lady Teazle* had been revived and dropped before I was able to get a word in edgewise; and now there is just time for a word about her *Katherine*. As I remembered the performance over an interval of several years, it seemed to me Miss Rehan's best. I own up, very reluctantly, to a certain sense of disappointment. Miss Rehan evidently believes in the rule that an actor must play at the last man in the last row. I found myself in the middle of the front row, and found that since I last saw her *Katherine* my eye and ear had been more or less accustomed to acting of the neutral-tinted, naturalistic order of which Duse has shown us the virtues. To get any real illusion I should have been that last man in the last row. But in these matters, though one cannot help having his preferences, there are no absolute rights and wrongs; one must grant an artist his convention, and, granting Miss Rehan her convention of emphasis, there is little but praise for her art. The part of *Katherine* brings out all her vigorous womanhood, her broad comic power, and her delightful passages of tenderness. Moreover, it gives scope to her facility in indicating natural transitions from moods that seem unrelated and even antagonistic. The tempestuous rage and jealousy of the opening acts scarcely suggest any depth of womanly tenderness, but when the play is done, Miss Rehan has made it clear that they were the result of a power of heart that only awaited the authoritative touch of love to develop it. It is right that her love and submission should prove as great as her rage and jealousy. Such a conception of a character is possible only to a mind of inspiration, and such an execution as Miss Rehan's is possible only to an artist of ripened power of expression. Miss Rehan's *Katherine* is the only great *Katherine* of our time, and there is probably warrant for saying that it is the most adequate reading of the part of which we have record. If, as has been reported, Miss Rehan accepted her part in "The Great Ruby" only after vigorous protest, one can only say that our loss is greater than her own. Is our season of old comedy at Daly's to be sandwiched in every year between musical comedy and melodrama?

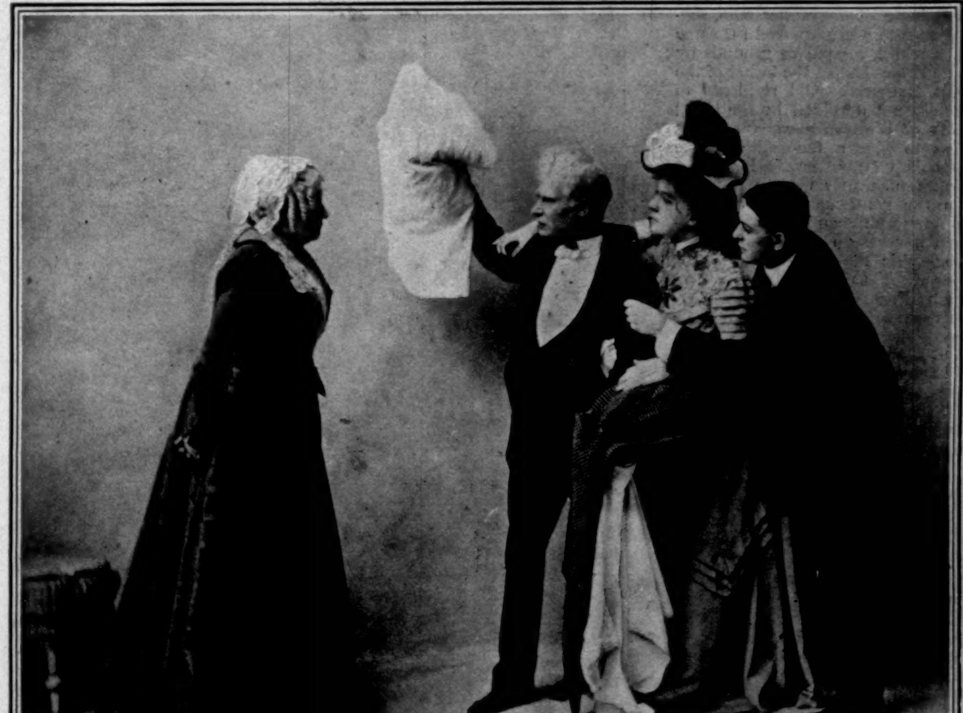
MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

In her Costume Production of "Camille," showing the hat of the period of the Play, 1840–50.

"Because She Loved Him So."

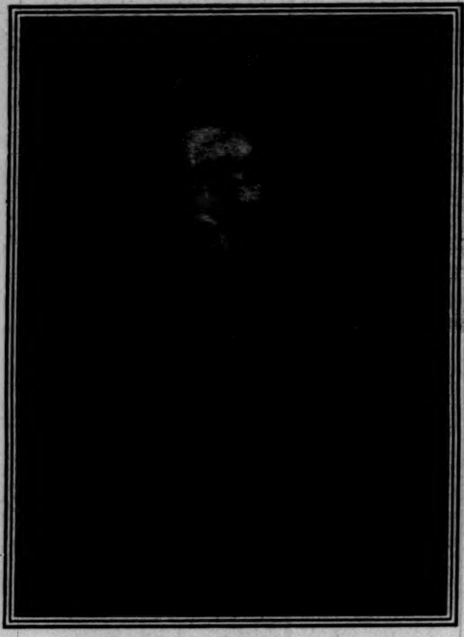
"Because She Loved Him So," which Mr. Gillette has taken from the French of Bisson and Leclercq, is, in most ways, a triumph of adaptation. The usual made-over play is a half-baked thing, true neither to the country of its birth nor to that of its adoption. In "On and Off," which preceded "Because She Loved Him So" at the Madison Square Theatre, there were traces of Gallic obliquity in spite of careful disinfecting; in "Zaza" the specious morality which Mr. Belasco has superadded is a blemish on an otherwise excellent work of art. "Because She Loved Him So" is at once proper and, in the sphere of farce, natural and essentially delightful. The story is a slender one. In the first act a maid-servant, who wishes an evening out, plays on her mistress's jealous temper by cleverly sprinkling her master's coat with perfume, and putting two of her own blond hairs on his shoulder. The servant gets her night out, for her mistress flies home to her parents. In the second act the parents, who have lived in utmost harmony for thirty years, pretend to quarrel, in order to give their daughter a terrible example, and in pretending to quarrel it so happens, in the third act, that the mother becomes really suspicious of her innocent old husband. This is about all there is of the plot. As Mr. Gillette handles it, however, it is all so cleverly and smoothly put together that one scarcely stops to realize how slender it is. And, best of all, it is so honest and sympathetic in motive that one would easily pardon a greater lack of the situations and the surprises of farce. We have at last the farce we have all been looking for so long—the farce that is true to our ideas of life and of conduct, natural in feeling, and still diverting.

JOHN CORBIN.

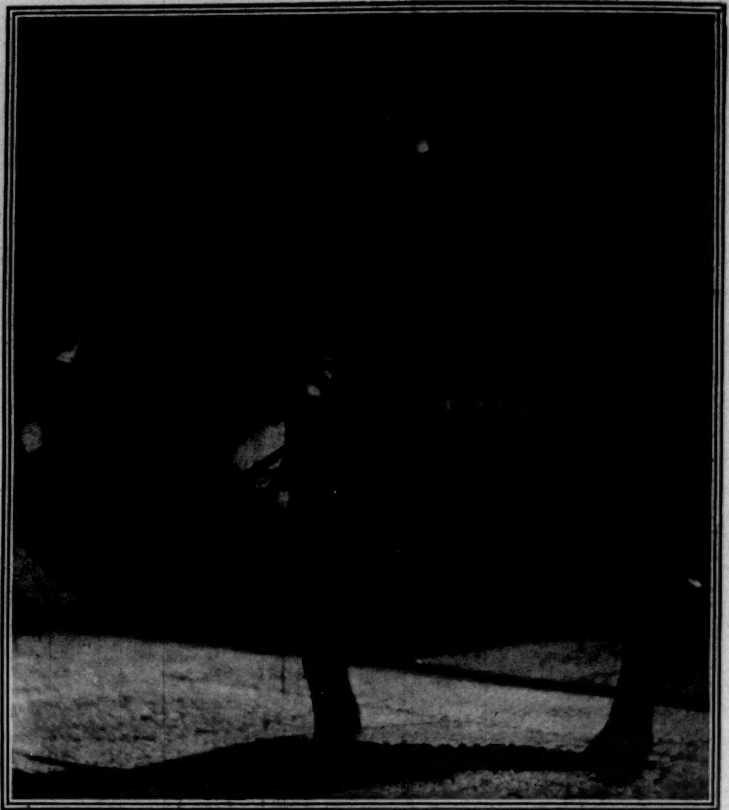

Kate Meek.
J. E. Dodson.
Ida Conquest.
Edwin Arden.

FROM ACT II. OF "BECAUSE SHE LOVED HIM SO," AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

The young Couple forget their own Quarrel in preventing their Parents from Quarrelling.



LI PI-TSE,
Chief Eunuch of the Imperial Palace, and a Power behind the Throne



THE LATE PRINCE CH'UN, FATHER OF THE PRESENT EMPEROR, MOUNTED ON HIS FAVORITE HORSE.

Before and Behind China's Throne

THERE are photographs of the Chinese Son of Heaven, both real and reputed. Certain ancient electro-plates, purporting to represent the Emperor of China, keep up a perpetual transmigration through the daily newspapers, and even through some so-called respectable illustrated weeklies. Just as a generation or two ago any South Sea Islander's bludgeon might suit the label "this is the club that killed Captain Cook," so one picture of a mandarin, made long ago, comes periodically forward as that of Kuang-Hsu. Chinese ladies stand in print for "the late Queen of Korea," and pictures revealing Japanese top-knots and kagos are made to illustrate the life of "the Dowager Empress of China." "And why not?" asks the unscrupulous editor of the penny paper. "Do not all Chinese look alike to foreigners? Is not one as much like another as the pea in the pod is like its fellows?"

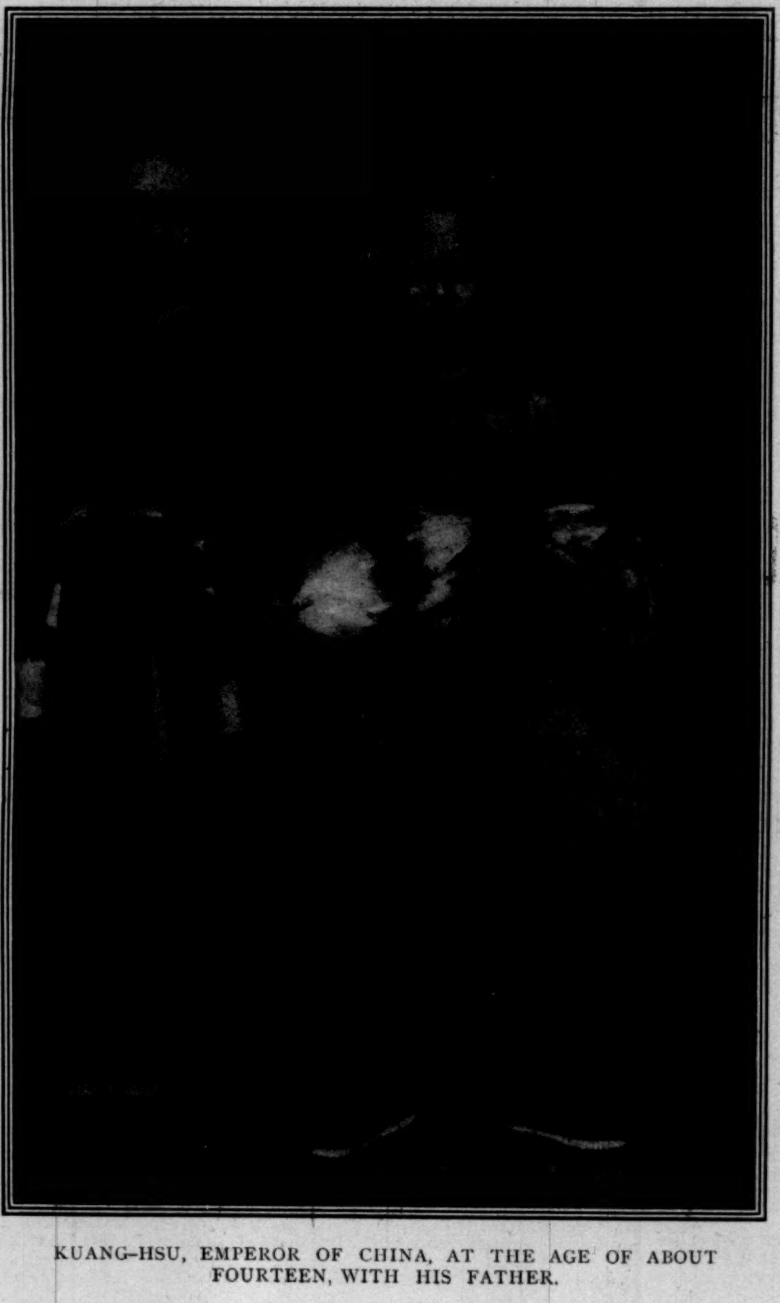
It is a rare treat to have a genuine and authentic picture, taken from life and within the precincts of the Forbidden City in Peking, of the real Emperor of China.

On this page we have presented reproductions of photographs taken by a Chinese photographer who, several years ago, was employed for some months within his palace grounds by the late Prince Ch'un, the father of the present Emperor. Old residents in China are not deceived by the fraud or folly of Western newspapers that profess to give a fac-simile of the "dragon's countenance." During a residence of nearly twenty years in China, the gentleman who obtained the photographic copies here presented had never seen any attempt at a photographic likeness of the young Emperor. Yet those given here were taken by Prince Ch'un's private photographer, whose acquaintance he succeeded in making.

The Emperor's father, Ch'un, has always been very fond of horseback-riding. Dressed in his out-door suit, fitted for all weathers, he spent his hours of leisure on his tough little Manchu pony, which in size and speed corresponds pretty closely to one of our best mustangs on the Texan plain. The saddle, from the North, with high stirrups which often keep the knees almost level with the seat and rarely allow the feet to go beneath the belly of the horse, seems to suit the taste of the Oriental rider better than our leg-stretching affair. The Prince father's tastes were very simple. He preferred wearing the sword of ancestral shape and scabbard, and was, in all dress and manners, the polished gentleman. Fond of study, his tastes have descended to his son, who has been a lover of books, and of that erudition in which the Chinese so delight—depending far more upon the memory than the judgment. To an extraordinary and, in the mind of the conservative, to a dangerous and even revolutionary degree, also, the young Emperor has been fond of new ideas, and of the learning derived from Christendom. To the horror of eunuchs, of women who never saw any world outside Peking, and of the ultra-Confucianists, he actually read new books and held interviews with the disciples of the foreign missionaries.

The picture, which represents father and son dressed in in-door costume and at leisure, is suggestive not only of that filial reverence which lies at the basis of all Chinese social order, but also of the law of succession to the Lung-Wei, or Dragon's Seat—the throne. No polite lad in China would ever think of sitting while his father was standing. With that propriety so ingrained in the Chinamen from infancy, the father sits on the richly carved chair, with his cup of tea and fan, properly posed for the man behind the camera, while the boy, even though he be the Son of Heaven himself, stands in the presence of his father.

On the other hand, succession to the Chinese throne can never, as so often in Europe, pass to any one in the generation preceding that of the last heir—say from son to father, or nephew to uncle—for this would derange the path of order between heaven and earth. In other words, it would involve the worship of the younger by an elder generation. In the Chinese mind there is no succession of life, either in this world or the other, without the celebration of proper sacrificial rites in due form, before the ancestral spirit, by posterity.



KUANG-HSU, EMPEROR OF CHINA, AT THE AGE OF ABOUT FOURTEEN, WITH HIS FATHER.

The young Emperor has not only been in warm sympathy with Western ideas and methods, but had his eyes fully opened by the horrible official corruption, and by the superiority, both moral and physical, of the Japanese in the war of 1894–5. Still further, the leader of the reform party, Kang Yu-Wei, whose portrait was printed some weeks ago in HARPER'S WEEKLY, succeeded in getting into the Emperor's presence, and persuading him to issue edicts radically reforming education, government, and public methods.

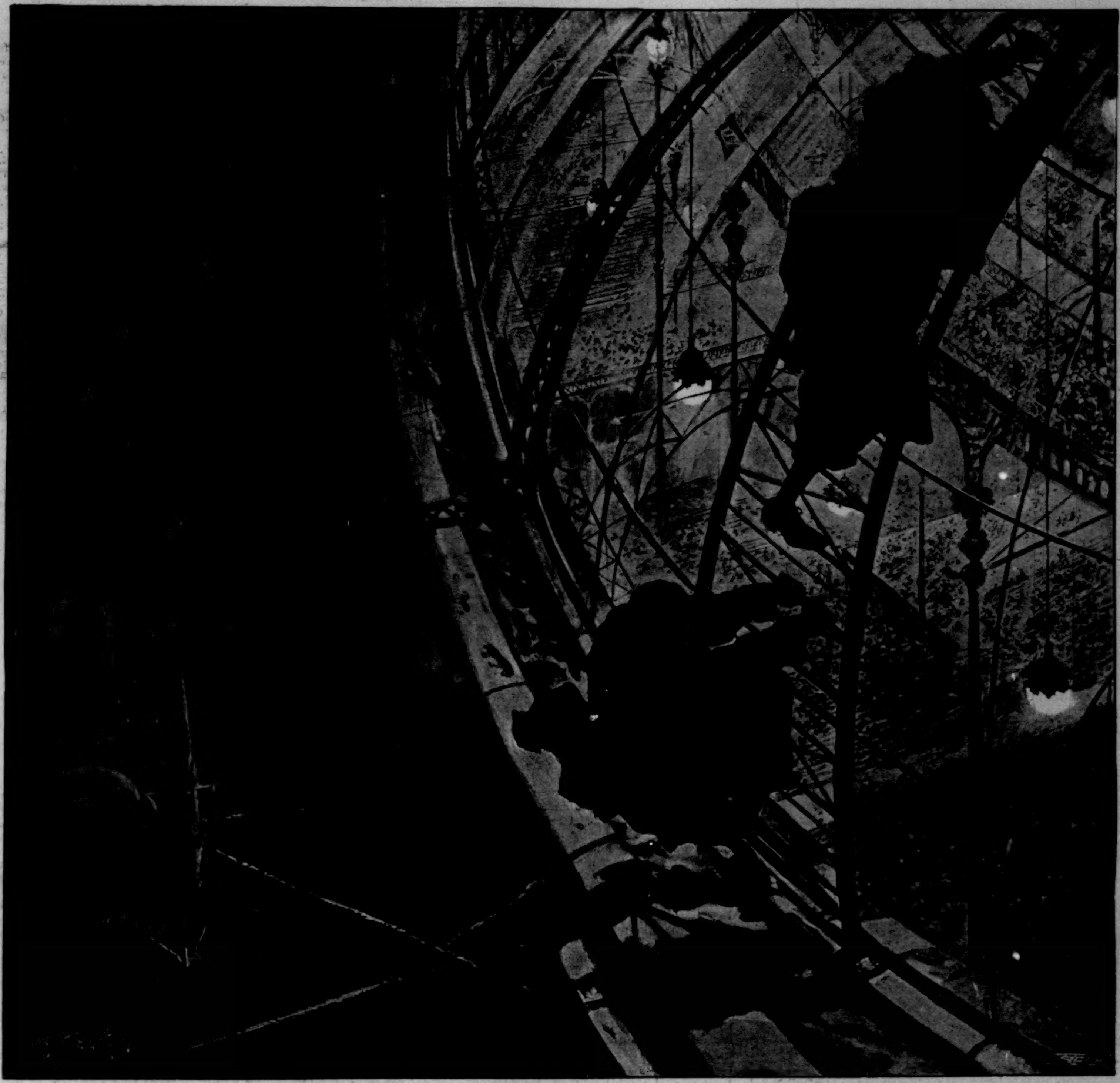
These, if carried out, would have begun an entirely new life for China. Kang had already presented two books of his, in which he told the story of the reform of Russia under Peter the Great, the reform of Japan in our day, and the recovery of France after defeat by Germany. These timely works the Emperor read with interest.

All this good work, however, has been ruined by the Empress Dowager. She roused the whole united ring of the Manchu clan, and those mandarins who, still blind as bats, cannot see China's danger. The immediate personal agent and go-between, who brought together the Empress and the mandarins discharged by the Emperor for disobedience, was the eunuch Li Pi-Tse. He is another of the unseen powers behind the throne, like that potent sword in the dragon's tail of Oriental mythology. In his typical eunuch's face we see the very incarnation of the conservative spirit of China, opposed as it is to all moral progress.

We all remember, last November, how the contradictory telegrams came flying to Europe and America, hinting at what was going on. In reality a reign of terror had begun as the outcome of the palace feud, which dethroned the Emperor and suppressed the native newspapers. Six of the leading reformers were put to death by the immediate orders of the Empress.

Kang Yu-Wei succeeded in escaping by a railway train and on a British steamer to Japan, only because he had received personal warning from the Emperor himself. His brother and the five martyrs—for martyrs they were—were executed in Peking like the worst criminals.

Yet surely the cause of reform is not lost. The Emperor is not dead. He is living yet, and the foreign ministers—absent, unfortunately, from Peking when the bloody work was done—refuse to acknowledge his deposition. Even the tigress behind the throne cannot stop that tremendous ferment which is going on in China to-day. Even a dragoness cannot turn back that revolution which was begun long ago by the teachers from Great Britain and the United States who brought the printing-press with them.



When the Sleeper Wakes[*]

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROOF SPACES.

As the fans in the circular aperture of the inner room rotated and permitted glimpses of the night, dim sounds drifted in thereby. And Graham, standing underneath, wrestling darkly with the unknown powers that imprisoned him, and which he had now deliberately challenged, was startled by the sound of a voice.

He peered up, and saw in the intervals of the rotation, dark and dim, the face and shoulders of a man regarding him. Then a dark hand was extended; the swift fan struck it, swung round and beat on with a little brownish patch on the edge of its thin blade, and something began to fall therefrom upon the floor, dripping silently.

Graham looked down, and there were spots of blood at his feet. He looked up again, in a strange excitement. The figure had gone.

He remained motionless—his every sense intent upon the flickering patch of darkness; for outside it was high night. He became aware of some faint, remote, dark specks floating lightly through the outer air. They came down towards him, fitfully, eddyingly, and passed aside out of the uprush from the fan. A gleam of light flickered, the specks flashed white, and then the darkness came again. Warmed and lit as he was, he perceived that it was snowing within a few feet of him.

Graham walked across the room, and came back to the ventilator again. He saw the head of a man pass near. There was a sound of whispering. Then a smart blow on some metallic substance, effort, voices, and the vanes stopped. A gust of snowflakes whirled into the room, and vanished before they touched the floor. "Don't be afraid," said a voice.

Graham stood under the fan. "Who are you?" he said.

For a moment there was nothing but a swaying of the fan, and then the head and shoulders of a man were thrust cautiously into the opening. His face appeared nearly inverted to Graham; his dark hair was wet with dissolving flakes of snow upon it. His arm went up into the darkness, holding something unseen. He had a youthful face and bright eyes, and the veins on his forehead were swollen. He seemed to be exerting himself to maintain his position.

For several seconds neither he nor Graham spoke.

"You were the Sleeper?" said the stranger at last.

"Yes," said Graham. "What do you want with me?"

"I come from Ostrog, sire."

"Ostrog?"

The man in the ventilator twisted his head round so that his profile was towards Graham. He appeared to be listening. Suddenly there was a hasty exclamation, and the intruder sprang back just in time to escape the sweep of the released fan. And when Graham peered up, there was nothing visible but the slowly falling snow.

It was, perhaps, a quarter of an hour before anything returned to the ventilator. But at last came the same metallic interference again; the fans stopped and the face reappeared. Graham had remained all this time in the same place, alert, and tremulously excited.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he said.

"We want to speak to you, sire," said the intruder. "We want—I can't hold the thing. We have been trying to find a way to you—three days."

"Is it rescue?" whispered Graham. "Escape?"

"Yes, sire. If you will."

"You are my party—the party of the Sleeper?"

"Yes, sire."

"What am I to do?" said Graham.

There was a struggle. The stranger's arm appeared, and his hand was bleeding. His knees came into view over the edge of the funnel. "Stand away from me," he said, and he dropped rather heavily on his hands and one shoulder at Graham's feet. The released ventilator whirled noisily. The stranger rolled over, sprang up nimbly, and stood panting, hand to a bruised shoulder, and with his bright eyes on Graham.

"You are indeed the Sleeper," he said. "I saw you asleep. When it was the law that any one might see you."

"I am the man who was in the trance," said Graham. "They have imprisoned me here. I have been here since I awoke—at least three days."

The intruder seemed about to speak, heard something, glanced swiftly at the door, and suddenly left Graham and ran towards it, shouting quick incoherent words. A bright wedge of steel flashed in his hand, and he began, tap, tap, a quick succession of blows upon the hinges. "Mind!" cried a voice. "Oh!" The voice came from above.

Graham glanced up, saw the soles of two feet, ducked, was struck on the shoulder by one of them, and a heavy weight bore him to the earth. He fell on his knees and forward, and the weight went over his head. He knelt up, and saw a second man from above seated before him.

"I did not see you, sire," panted the man. He rose and assisted Graham to rise. "Are you hurt, sire?" he panted. A succession of heavy blows on the ventilator began, something fell close to Graham's face, and a shivering edge of white metal danced, fell over, and lay flat upon the floor.

"What is this?" cried Graham, confused, and looking at the ventilator. "Who are you? What are you going to do? Remember, I understand nothing."

"Stand back," said the stranger, and drew him from under the ventilator as another fragment of metal fell heavily.

"We want you to come, sire," panted the new-comer; and Graham, glancing at his face again, saw a new cut had changed from white to red on his forehead, and a couple of little trickles of blood starting therefrom. "Your people call for you."

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

"Come where? My people!"

"To the hall about the markets. Your life is in danger here. We have spies. We learned but just in time. The Council has decided—this very day—either to drug or kill you. And everything is ready. The people are drilled; the wind-vane police, the engineers, and half the way-gearers are with us. We have the halls crowded—shouting. The whole city shouts against the Council. We have arms." He wiped the blood with his hand. "Your life here is not worth—"

"But why arms?"

"The people have risen to protect you, sire. What?"

He turned quickly as the man who had first come down made a hissing with his teeth, and looking through the intervening archway, Graham saw the latter start back, gesticulate to them to conceal themselves, and move as if to hide behind the opening door.

As he did so, Howard appeared, a little tray in one hand and his heavy face downcast. He started, looked up, the door slammed behind him, the tray tilted sideways, and the steel wedge struck him behind the ear. He went down like a felled tree, and lay as he fell athwart the floor of the outer room. The man who had struck him bent hastily, studied his face for a moment, rose, and returned to work at the door.

"Your poison," said a voice in Graham's ear.

Then abruptly they were in darkness. The innumerable cornice lights had been extinguished. Graham saw the aperture of the ventilator, with ghostly snow whirling above it and dark figures moving hastily. Three knelt on the vane. Some dim thing—a ladder—was being lowered through the opening, and a hand appeared holding a fitful yellow light.

He had a moment of hesitation. But the manner of these men, the swift alacrity, their words, marched so completely with his own fears of the Council, with his idea and hope of a rescue, that it lasted not a moment. And his people awaited him!

"I do not understand," he said, "but I trust you. Tell me what to do."

The man with the cut brow gripped Graham's arm. "Clamber up the ladder," he whispered. "Quick! They will have heard—"

Graham felt for the ladder with extended hands, put his foot on the lower rung, and turning his head, saw over the shoulder of the nearest man, in the yellow flicker of the light, the first comer astride over Howard and still working at the door. Graham turned to the ladder again, and was thrust by his conductor and helped up by those above, and then he was standing on something hard and cold and slippery outside the ventilating funnel.

He shivered. He was aware of a great difference in the temperature. Half a dozen men stood about him, and light flakes of snow touched hands and face and melted. For a moment it was dark, then for a flash a ghastly violet white, and then everything was dark again.

He saw he had come out upon the roof of the vast city structure which had replaced the miscellaneous houses, streets, and open spaces of Victorian London. The place upon which he stood was level, with huge serpentine cables lying athwart it in every direction. The circular wheels of a number of windmills loomed indistinct and gigantic through the darkness and snowfall, and roared with a varying loudness as the fitful wind rose and fell. Some way off an intermittent white light smote up from below, touched the snow eddies with a transient glitter, and made an evanescent spectre in the night; and here and there, low down, some vaguely outlined wind-driven mechanism flickered with livid sparks.

All this he appreciated in a fragmentary manner as his rescuers stood about him. Some one threw a thick, soft cloak of furlike texture about him, and fastened it by buckled straps at waist and shoulders. Things were said briefly, decisively. Some one thrust him forward.

Before his mind was yet clear a dark shape gripped his arm. "This way," said this shape, urging him along, and pointed Graham across the flat roof, in the direction of a dim semicircular haze of light. Graham obeyed.

"Mind!" said a voice, as Graham stumbled against a cable. "Between them, not across them," said the voice. And, "We must hurry."

"Where are the people?" said Graham. "The people, you said, awaited me?"

The stranger did not answer. He left Graham's arm as the path grew narrower, and led the way with rapid strides. Graham followed blindly. In a minute he found himself running. "Are the others coming?" he panted, but received no reply. His companion glanced back and ran on. They came to a sort of pathway of open metal-work, transverse to the direction they had come, and they turned aside to follow this. Graham looked back, but the snow-storm had hidden the others.

"Come on!" said his guide. Running now, they drew near a little windmill spinning high in the air. "Stoop," said Graham's guide, and they avoided an endless band running, roaring, up to the shaft of the vane. "This way!" and they were ankle-deep in a gutter full of drifted thawing snow, between two low walls of metals that presently rose waist-high. "I will go first," said the guide. Graham drew his cloak about him and followed. Then suddenly came a narrow abyss, across which the gutter leaped to the snowy darkness of the further side. Graham peeped over the side once, and the gulf was black. For a moment he regretted his flight. He dared not look again, and his brain spun as he waded through the half-liquid snow.

Then out of the gutter they clambered, and hurried across a wide flat space, damp with thawing snow, and for half its extent dimly translucent to lights that went to and fro underneath. He hesitated at this unstable-looking substance, but his guide ran on, unheeding, and so they came to and clambered up slippery steps to the rim of a great dome of glass. Round this they went. Far below a number of people seemed to be dancing, and music filtered through the dome. Graham fancied he heard a shouting through the snow-storm, and his guide hurried him on with a new spurt of haste. And then an ascent to a space of huge windmills—one so vast that only the lower edge of its vanes came rushing into sight, and rushed up again, and was lost in the night and the snow. They hurried for a time through the colossal metallic tracery of its supports, and came at last above a place of moving platforms, like the place into which Graham had looked from the balcony.

They crawled across the sloping transparency that covered this street of platforms in, crawling on hands and knees because of the slipperiness of the snowfall.

For the most part the glass was bedewed, and Graham saw only hazy suggestions of the forms below, but near the pitch of the transparent roof the glass was clear, and he found himself looking sheerly down upon it all. For a while, in spite of the urgency of his guide, he gave way to vertigo, and lay spread-eagled on the glass, sick and paralyzed. Far below, mere stirring specks and dots, went the people of the unsleeping city in their perpetual daylight, and the moving platforms went on their incessant journey. Messengers and men on unknown businesses shot along the drooping cables, and the frail bridges were crowded with men. It was like peering into a gigantic glass hive, and it lay vertically below him, with only a tough glass of unknown thickness to save him from a fall. The street showed warm and lit, and Graham was wet now to the skin with thawing snow, and his feet were numbed with cold. For a space he could not move. "Come on!" cried his guide, with terror in his voice. "Come on!"

Graham reached the pitch of the roof by an effort.

Over the ridge, following his guide's example, he turned about and slid backward down the opposite slope very swiftly, amid a little avalanche of snow. While he was sliding he thought of what would happen if some broken gap should come in his way. At the edge he stumbled to his feet, ankle-deep in slush, thanking Heaven for an opaque footing again. His guide was already clambering up a metal screen to a level expanse.

Through the spare snowflakes above this loomed another line of vast windmills, and then suddenly the amorphous tumult of the rotating wheels was pierced with a deafening sound. It was a mechanical shrilling of extraordinary intensity, that seemed to come simultaneously from every point of the compass.

"They have missed us already!" cried Graham's guide, in an accent of terror, and suddenly, with a blinding flash, the night became day.

Above the driving snow, from the summits of the wind-wheels, appeared vast masts carrying globes of livid light. They receded in illimitable vistas in every direction. As far as his eye could penetrate the snowfall they glared.

"Get on this," cried Graham's conductor, and thrust him forward to a long grating of metal—snowless metal that ran like a band between two slightly sloping expanses of snow. It felt warm to Graham's benumbed feet, and a faint eddy of steam rose from it.

"Come on!" shouted his guide, ten yards off, and, without waiting, ran swiftly through the incandescent glare towards the iron supports of the next range of wind-wheels. Graham, recovering from his astonishment, followed as fast, convinced of his imminent capture. . . .

In a score of seconds they were within a tracery of glare and black shadows shot with moving bars beneath the monstrous wheels. Graham's conductor ran on for some time, and suddenly darted sideways and vanished into a black shadow in the corner of the foot of a huge support. In another moment Graham was beside him.

They cowered, panting, and stared out.

The scene upon which Graham looked was very wild and strange. The snow had now almost ceased; only a belated flake passed now and again across the picture. But the broad stretch of level before them was a ghastly white, broken only by gigantic masses and moving shapes and lengthy strips of impenetrable darkness, vast ungainly Titans of shadow. All about them huge metallic structures, iron girders, inhumanly vast as it seemed to him, interlaced, and the edges of wind-wheels, scarcely moving in the lull, passed in great shining curves steeper and steeper up into a luminous haze. Wherever the snow-spangled light struck down, beams and girders, and incessant bands running with a halting, indomitable resolution, passed upward and downward into the black. And with all that mighty activity, with an omnipresent sense of motive and design, this snow-clad desolation of mechanism was void of all human presence save themselves, and seemed as trackless and deserted and unfrequented by men as some inaccessible Alpine snow-field.

"They will be chasing us," cried the leader. "We are scarcely half-way there yet. Cold as it is, we must hide here for a space—at least until it snows more thickly again."

His teeth chattered in his head.

"Where are the markets?" asked Graham, staring out. "Where are all the people?"

The other made no answer.

"*Look!*" whispered Graham, crouched close, and became very still.

The snow had suddenly become thick again, and sliding with the whirling eddies out of the black pit of the sky came something vague and large and very swift. It came down in a steep curve and swept round, wide wings extended and a trail of white condensing steam behind it; rose with an easy swiftness and went gliding up the air; swept horizontally forward in a wide curve, and vanished again in the steaming specks of snow. And under the ribs of its body Graham saw two little men, very minute and active, searching the snowy areas about him, as it seemed to him, with field-glasses. For a second they were clear, then hazy through a thick whirl of snow, then small and distant, and in a minute they were gone.

"*Now!*" cried his companion. "Come!"

He pulled Graham's sleeve, and incontinently the two were running headlong down the arcade of iron-work beneath the wind-wheels. Graham, running blindly, collided with his leader, who had turned back on him suddenly. He found himself within a dozen yards of a black chasm. It extended as far as he could see, right and left. It seemed to cut off their progress in either direction.

"Do as I do," whispered his guide. He lay down and crawled to the edge, thrust his head over, and twisted until one leg hung. He seemed to feel for something with his foot, found it, and went sliding over the edge into the gulf. His head reappeared. "It is a ledge," he whispered. "In the dark all the way along. Do as I did."

Graham hesitated, went down upon all-fours, crawled to the edge, and peered into a velvety blackness. For a sickly moment he had courage neither to go on nor retreat; then he sat and hung his legs down, felt his guide's hands pulling at him, had a horrible sensation of sliding over the edge into the unfathomable, splashed, and felt himself in a slushy gutter, impenetrably dark.

"This way," whispered the voice, and he began crawling along the gutter through the trickling thaw, pressing himself against the wall. They continued along it for some minutes. He seemed to pass through a hundred stages of misery, to pass minute after minute through a hundred degrees of cold, damp, and exhaustion. In a little while he ceased to feel his hands and feet.

The gutter sloped downwards. He observed that they were now many feet below the edge of the buildings. Rows of spectral white shapes like the ghosts of blind-drawn windows rose above them. They came to the end of a cable, fastened above one of these white windows, dimly visible, and dropping into impenetrable shadows. Suddenly his hand came against his guide's. "*Still!*" whispered the latter, very softly.

He looked up with a start, and saw the huge wings of the flying-machine gliding slow and noiselessly overhead athwart the broad band of snow-flecked gray-blue sky. In a moment it was hidden again.

"Keep still; they were just turning."

For a while both were motionless; then Graham's companion stood up, and reaching towards the fastenings of the cable, fumbled with some indistinct tackle.

"What is that?" asked Graham.

The only answer was a faint cry. The man became motionless. Graham peered and saw his face dimly. He was staring down the long ribbon of sky; and Graham, following his eyes, saw the flying-machine, small and faint and remote. Then he saw that the wings spread on either side, that it headed towards them, that every moment it grew larger. It was following the edge of the chasm towards him.

The man's movements became convulsive. He thrust two cross-bars into Graham's hand. Graham could not see them; he ascertained their form by feeling. They were slung by thin cords to the cable. On the cord were hand-grips of some soft elastic substance. "Put the cross between your legs," whispered the guide, hysterically, "and grip the holdfasts. Grip tightly—grip!"

Graham did as he was told.

"Jump," said the voice. "In Heaven's name, jump!"

For one momentous second Graham could not speak. He was glad afterwards that darkness hid his face. He said nothing. He began to tremble violently. He looked sideways at the swift shadow that swallowed up the sky as it rushed upon him.

"Jump! Jump—in God's name! Or they will have us," cried Graham's guide, and in the violence of his passion thrust him forward.

Graham tottered convulsively, gave a sobbing cry—a cry in spite of himself—and then, as the flying-machine swept over them, fell forward into the pit of that darkness, seated on the cross-wood and holding the ropes. Something cracked; something rapped smartly against a wall. He heard the pulley of the cradle hum on its rope. He heard the aeronauts shout. He felt a pair of knees digging into his back. He was sweeping headlong through the air, falling through the air; all his strength was in his hands. He would have screamed, but he had no breath.

He shot into a blinding light that made him grip the tighter. He recognized the great passage with the running ways, the hanging lights, and interlacing girders. They rushed upward and by him. He had a momentary impression of a great circular aperture yawning to swallow him.

He was in the dark again, falling, falling, gripping with aching hands, and, behold! a clap of sound, a burst of light, and he was in a brightly lit hall, with a roaring multitude of people beneath his feet. The people! His people! A proscenium, a stage, rushed up towards him, and his cable swept down to a circular aperture to the right of this. He felt he was travelling slower, and suddenly very much slower. He distinguished shouts of "Saved!" "The Master! He is safe!" The stage rushed towards him with rapidly diminishing swiftness. Then—

He heard the man clinging behind him shout as if suddenly terrified, and this shout was echoed by a shout from below. He felt that he was no longer gliding along the cable, but falling with it. There was a tumult of yells, screams, and cries. He felt something soft against his extended hand, and the impact of a broken fall quivering through his arm. . . .

He wanted to be still, and people were lifting him. He believed afterwards he was carried to the platform and given some drink, but he was never sure. He did not notice what became of his guide. When his mind was clear again, he was on his feet; eager hands were assisting him to stand. He was in a big alcove, occupying the position that in his previous experience had been devoted to the lower boxes. If this was, indeed, a theatre.

A mighty tumult was in his ears—a thunderous roar, the shouting of a countless multitude. "It is the Sleeper! The Sleeper is with us!"

"The Sleeper is with us! The Master!—the Owner! The Master is with us! He is safe!"

Graham had a surging vision of a great hall crowded with people. He saw no individuals; he was conscious of a froth of pink faces, of waving arms and garments; he felt the occult influence of a vast crowd pouring over him, buoying him up. There were balconies, galleries, great archways giving remoter perspectives, and everywhere people, a vast area of people, densely packed and cheering. Across the nearer space, like a huge snake, lay the collapsed cable. It had been cut by the men of the flying-machine at its upper end, and had crumpled down into the hall. Men seemed to be hauling this out of the way. But the whole effect was vague; the very buildings throbbed and leaped with the roar of the voices.

He stood unsteadily and looked at those about him. Some one supported him by one arm. "Let me go into a little room," he said—"a little room," and could say no more. A man in black stepped forward, took his disengaged arm. He was aware of officious men opening a door before him. Some one guided him to a seat. He sat down heavily and covered his face with his hands. He was trembling violently; his nervous control was at an end. He was relieved of his cloak; he could not remember how. His purple hose, he saw, were black with wet. People were running about him; things were happening, but for some time he gave no heed to them.

He had escaped. A myriad cries told him that. He was safe. These were the people who were on his side. For a space he sobbed for breath, and then he sat still, with his face covered. The air was full of the shouting of innumerable men.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—THE PHILIPPINES

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

ILOILO—HARO MARKET.

MANILA, *December 7, 1898.*

IF you wish to know how business is done in Iloilo, you must go to the Haro Market. Of course I do not mean the business done by the great British and German firms; nor, again, do I mean the business done by the omnipresent Chinese retail dealer, who tucks himself in the nooks and corners of every village in the Philippines, and in spite of the opposition and hatred of both natives and foreigners, does a thriving business. Before starting, however, throw overboard all preconceived American ideas about business, lay in a large stock of patience, and, above all things, remember that the goddess "Mañana" (to-morrow) rules supreme in the Philippines.

Your "keelis"—an imitation of a broken-down herdic—will take you through streets lined with low irregular buildings of more or less European structure, past the European stores and the Chinese shops, out among the native bamboo huts, with their sloping thatched roofs, and on to the bamboo bridge across the river; further it cannot go. The bridge is not strong enough for a carriage, and although there is a ferry-boat, it would take three-quarters of an hour to collect the men and get it into running order. After crossing the bridge on foot, you can get another keelis, more dilapidated than the first one, drawn by a rack-o'-bones pony; or, if you wish to spend all day in going two miles, by a slow water-buffalo.

At one corner of the town, in a ten-acre lot, the market of Haro is held every Thursday. Here you may buy every kind of native product—shoes, fish, knives, cloth made of the pineapple fibre, and silk, hemp in every form, wine of the palm-tree, detestable dishes to eat, baskets and hats of bamboo. The little brown dealers, with black, bright, expressionless eyes, squat before their small store of goods. The larger dealers have bamboo roofs over their stock in trade, and some even have wooden platforms on which their goods are displayed. The crowd of buyers move slowly about, and squat down before the different booths where they wish to buy; indeed, unless you squat on your haunches it is impossible to make a bargain. There is an infinity of color in the picture; men and women are dressed in neat diaphanous clothing of every color of the rainbow. Many women smoke tobacco leaves ten inches long rolled up and tied with a string. Savé for the mob of beggars, with every kind of deformity and queer diseases, the crowd seems remarkably clean. What strikes the American, however, is the indifference of the seller. There is little shouting of wares. No one rushes out to force his wares upon you. There seems to be a great deal of shopping and very little buying. The goods are there, and you may take them or leave them, as you please. The buyer squats before the seller, and the bargaining begins; it is conducted on terms of perfect equality. Apparently one does not care to sell or the other to buy.

As you push your way through the hundreds of natives who throng the market, taking care not to step on their brown toes, you will run across some pretty half-caste girls, who have used all their worldly possessions for self-adornment, and would starve rather than go without jewelry and fine clothes. They carry themselves very erect (all Filipino women carry themselves gracefully), and flaunt the beaver-tail-shaped trains of their pretty dresses in the eyes of their less fortunate sisters.

In one corner of the market is a large hut—the restaurant. An old hag keeps the place and ladles out the food. On the split-bamboo floor, in a circle about the room, large smoking jars filled with unsavory stews of buffalo meat and queer vegetables give off an unpleasant odor. The clients come with their plates and squat before the jar which contains for them the most pleasing mess. They receive a ladleful for one cent, and if they like the concoction they take another helping.

You, as a European, will be looked upon with suspicion. The crowd will stare at you, and your efforts to purchase anything will be met by monosyllabic coldness. If, however, you want to buy a piece of the "piña," cloth of pineapple fibre finer than the finest linen, you must pick out that neat old lady (the young women are more shy) in a red and yellow plaid skirt, a "piña" waist which leaves her brown arms and shoulders bare to the sun, with an embroidered handkerchief about her neck; you must squat at her bare shiny feet and ask the price. She will look at the spot where you are vainly trying to balance yourself on your toes as if you were not there, and answer in a monosyllable whose cold indifference will complete the overthrow of your physical and moral balance, and probably you will retire discomfited. If you are experienced, however, you will continue to squat and finger the goods in silence. By-and-by the old lady will look at you and begin to talk. You will not understand what she says, because the chances are she is talking to you in the Visayan dialect, but you will understand that in time you may get a price set on the goods. It is your turn to speak next. It does not matter much what you say, for she will not understand. Recite "The boy stood on the burning deck"; do it dramatically, and then say, "Quanto vale?" (How much?), holding up the five fingers of your hand. If the old lady smiles, the day is won, and after half an hour's further bargaining you will be able to buy the piña at five times its value. After that the whole market will show you a friendly indifference, and you will return with your keelis laden down with more goods than have changed hands before for a month in the market of Haro.

A YOUNG ENGINEER.

Few people realize the importance of engineers to an army. Public attention is riveted on the crucial moment when man meets man. A momentary impulse of courage may at such times make a man famous, whereas his act may have had no effect on the general result of the fight. A strategist always asks what maps have you; what do you know of the country?

When our expedition landed in the Philippines we had no war maps, and no knowledge of the country in which our campaign was to be conducted. There was only one engineer in the whole expedition who did any active work in the field, Lieutenant W. D. Connor. General Greene sent him out to make a complete reconnoissance of the Spanish positions on all sides of the city of Manila. The first part of the work he did alone. In his second expedition he was accompanied by Major Bell, of the bureau of information. It took him from the 20th to the 25th of July to complete this trip, and on his return he drew the map which furnished the key to our advance on Manila. He also brought back much valuable information concerning the Spaniards, the insurgents, and the country.

To make his observations he was constantly obliged to approach so near the enemy's lines as to draw his fire. At one place, where he spent the night with the insurgent outposts, the firing was so heavy that to retire was impossible, and he was obliged to lie on the ground for several hours, with the possibility of being hit even in that position. The journey was mostly made on foot, for horses would have been too much of a target, through swamps and jungle, and over roads where every other moment one stumbled into bog-holes, at a time when the trenches were still occupied by the Filipinos, and he had their hostility to fear as well as Spanish bullets.

Among the insurgents, General Garcia treated Lieutenant Connor and Major Bell with the utmost consideration, and gave them his young insurgent officer as guide and interpreter. The party, however, met with a very different reception from General Pio de Pilar, who did everything he could to prevent them from getting information.

Lieutenant Connor will be remembered as the brilliant half-back and captain of the '94 West Point eleven.

Lieutenant Connor is now in charge of the water-works of this city.

A DARING RECONNOISSANCE.

In these days of indiscriminate glorification it is a relief to find a man who deserves commendation and gets it. Such a man is Major Bell of the bureau of information. He was brevetted for a reconnoissance which he made on August 10, three days before the taking of Manila. The purpose of the reconnoissance was to find out the depth of a stream which emptied into the sea between the American and Spanish lines, and also to discover what intrenchments the Spaniards had put up between their main line of defence and our earth-works.

At my request the major kindly consented to have photographs taken of the most interesting points of his reconnoissance. Leaving the trenches on August 10, accompanied by Major Strother, he crawled through the low brush to within about 350 yards of the enemy's trenches. Here Major Strother remained on watch, and Major Bell advanced to the edge of the small stream which I have before mentioned, where he met Lieutenant Means and Sergeant (now Lieutenant) Clotworthy of the First Colorado volunteers, who were bent on the same errand as Major Bell.

Leaving Sergeant Clotworthy on guard with his rifle, Major Bell and Lieutenant Means entered the stream, and discovered that it was fordable near the mouth and for a considerable distance out into the sea. They then returned into the river, and crawling up towards Fort San Antonio Abad, tried several approaches to a point nearer the enemy's works, and finally succeeded, by pushing through a bramble thicket, in getting to within 150 yards of a number of Spaniards at work on the fortifications. At that point, still being unable to see whether there were any obstacles in front of the enemy's works, they determined to swim out to sea and approach the Spanish position from that side. During this portion of the reconnoissance they were in full view of Fort San Antonio Abad, but a heavy shower favored them by driving most of the Spanish soldiers under cover.

Taking to the ocean, they swam out, and then began to approach the fort, but found that the water was so shallow for a long distance out from shore that it would scarcely conceal their bodies while swimming. In the mean time it had stopped raining, and the men began to work on the sand-bag barricade which extends from the fort to the edge of the water. Major Bell and Lieutenant Means remained quiet in the water for some time, so as not to attract attention; then when the Spanish soldiers seemed absorbed in their work, the major and his companion turned and swam out to sea, their plan being to dive if any shots were fired, and only to come to the surface for breath. As no shots were fired and the Spanish soldiers returned into the fort, they determined to go further out and approach the Spanish line from the right rear for a nearer view. They succeeded in reaching a point 200 yards from the fort, when a Spanish sentinel discovered them and gave the alarm. There was considerable commotion in the fort, and a number of Spaniards crowded to the parapets. Some of the enemy also ran down across the bridge near the fort, as if intending to cut off the retreat of the two Americans, but the latter succeeded, by swimming and crawling, to reach cover.

During this time, and indeed throughout the whole reconnoissance, the Spaniards did not fire a single shot. The reason for this was that some days before they had fired on Father McKennon and Father Dougherty, American chaplains, who were trying to pass the lines bent on a peaceful mission. The Spaniards regretted this incident extremely, and thought that Major Bell and Lieutenant Means might also be priests.

In the mean time Major Strother, seeing the commotion on the walls of Fort San Antonio Abad, went back to the lines, and returned to meet Major Bell with a squad of soldiers

Continuing their reconnoissance, Major Bell and Lieutenant Means, with Major Strother and Sergeant Clotworthy a little to the rear as guards, reconnoitred, on the right of our lines, several Spanish outpost trenches. During the time they were frequently in plain sight of the enemy at distances varying from 300 to 150 yards from the Spanish lines.

ALL-SOULS DAY.

Decoration day in the Philippines comes on the 1st of November. Then innumerable lights are burned by the graves of the dead, and services are held all day in the churches.

Paco cemetery is a characteristic Filipino burying-ground, a small circular piece of land with two thick and high concentric walls some distance apart, the outer one enclosing the cemetery. In these walls, and not in the ground, the dead are buried, in innumerable narrow niches running deep into the wall. When the body is once put in, the niche is walled up and a tablet is placed to mark the spot. The reason that graves are not dug in the ground is that at a depth of two feet water is found. The cemetery is managed on the plan of a boarding-house. The deceased's friends pay his board for four years, and if at the end of that time they do not pay again the niche is broken open and the remains are thrown into the bone-pit. Sometimes not even this courtesy is shown to the dead, for I saw a coffin and part of a corpse thrown over the back wall of the cemetery into somebody's rice-field.

On the 1st of November, towards evening, Paco cemetery is a very interesting sight. The two concentric rings of walls blaze with the light of thousands of candles and small lamps. About these two blazing rings a great crowd moves. Individuals stop now and then before the niche of some dead friend, as, on the promenade of any European watering-place, people stop to speak to each other.

I never knew before what became of all the Derby hats of bygone years, but now I know that they are sent out to the Philippines. Little native men, in spick and span shirts with the tails floating to the wind, wear Derbys of every conceivable shape, some perched on the top of their heads after the fashion of the Irish music-hall comedian, some covering their faces and ears with voluminous curved brims. Little Philippine women with stiff clean piña dresses and black gauze veils over their heads, looking neat and wholesome, swing along with that peculiar undulatory motion of the body which reminds one a little of the snake. Mestiza girls, in costumes which are not quite Philippine, and certainly not European, hold their heads high and sniff at the common people as befits their superior caste. Spanish women, in dresses after the Paris fashions in the sixties, hang indolently on the arms of gallant Spanish officers who carry themselves with the haughty pride of conquerors. And, finally, Jimmy Green, in an ill-fitting brown duck suit with a flannel shirt and a campaign hat, slouches along to see the sights.

At one end of the cemetery is a chapel, where for a small consideration masses will be said to get the suffering souls out of purgatory. Indeed, "All-Souls day" is the only day in the year when souls in purgatory have a chance to get out. Back of the church is the "bone-yard," a long trench where the skulls and bones of people that have failed to pay their rent are thrown. A rather pretty Filipino girl, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette at the edge of this pit, gave a "light" to one of our party. Her escort climbed down into the "bone-yard," and picking up a skull, muttered something in Tagalo. It might have been "Alas! poor Yorick!" for all we knew. The relic-hunter among us asked the man, in Spanish, to give him the skull to take home as a memento.

"Oh, señor," answered the Tagalo, "if you take it home, it will jump about at night, and give you no rest until you either break it or bring it back here!"

"But if I get the padre to sprinkle holy water on it?" asked the relic-hunter.

"Bah! What can the padre do?" replied the irreverent Tagalo.

While we were satisfying our morbid curiosity over bones, bits of hair, and a single velvet slipper, unexpectedly the familiar sound of the old hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee" swelled through the cemetery. We hurried to the spot. There about a grave half filled with water stood a company of big American soldiers, singing, hat in hand, the last hymn over the grave of their comrade. To one side, rifle in hand, a squad of men awaited the moment to fire the last salute. In the uncertain light of coming night, touched with the distant sheen of many candles, surrounded by strange people in a strange land, they let the coffin down with a splash into the grave. The volley startled the Spaniards and Filipinos, and when the trumpeter sounded taps a dense crowd had gathered around the soldier's grave.

That night it was too hot and the mosquitoes were too thick for any one to work. Consequently, under the guidance of a cheerful spirit, we took a drive. The moon came up, and with its witching light stirred our blood to desire for adventure. The twang of a guitar in a small nippa hut attracted our attention. We stopped the carriage and listened. Surely some happy soul was singing "After the Ball is Over." We got out of the carriage, approached the hut, and saw through the long open windows of the room what seemed to be a convivial gathering of men and women.

"A native 'party,'" said the cheerful spirit.

While we stood watching and listening, a man came out of the hut and said, in English,

"Come in."

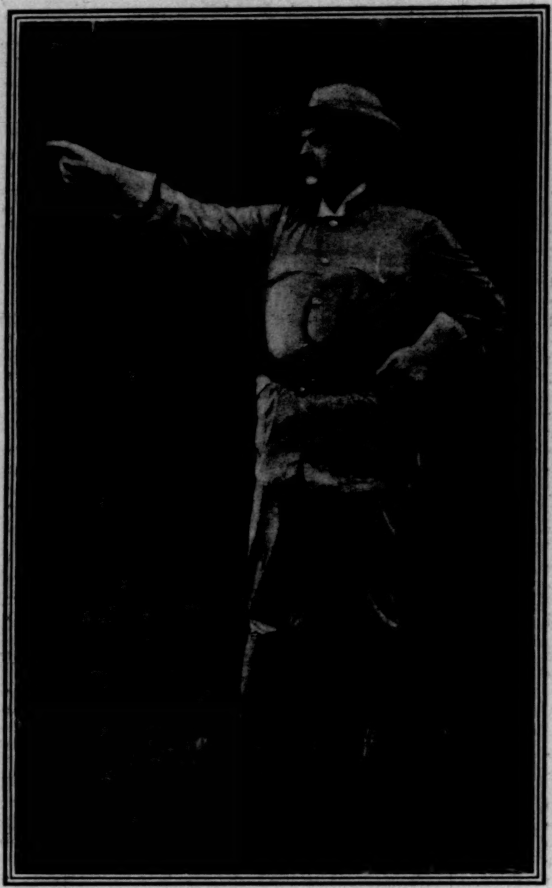
There was nothing to do but to follow. Accordingly, we pushed through the crowded anteroom and into the packed gathering in the "parlor." Chairs were shoved to the front for us, and we sat down. Before us on a box, in the middle of the room, was the body of a tiny baby dressed in white, with a white wreath about its head. We were stunned.

"A wake," said the cheerful spirit.

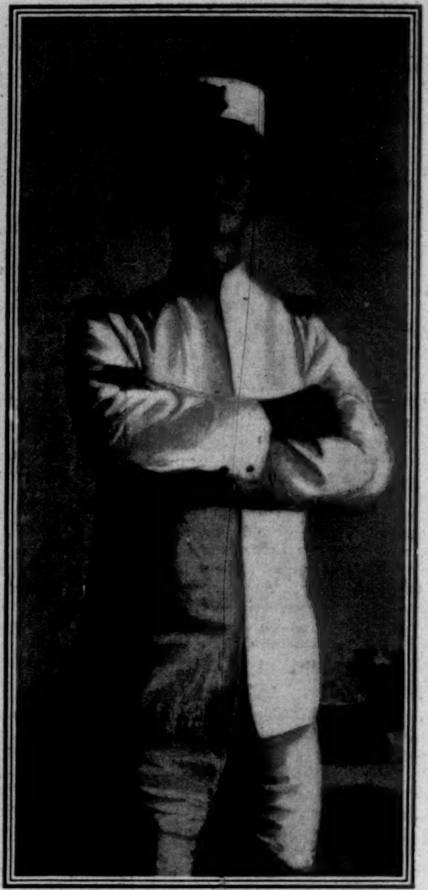
Our eyes wandered wonderingly about the room. Above the child was a great lamp; in the background were pictures of saints. A lithograph of Admiral Dewey hung on the wall. The bereaved host smilingly passed around cigars and native wine to the brown men and women, who smoked, drank, and chatted quietly. Again the mandolin and guitar twanged, and again it was "After the Ball is Over," not as we had heard it in music-halls, but "After the Ball" in Tagalo, with sorrow, with tenderness, with hope, and finally with joy. Still it was "After the Ball is Over," and we fidgeted about in our chairs trying to lose sight of the poor little bundle on the box. My neighbor pointed out to me the mother, who was sitting at the foot of the box, smoking stoically.

"Do you think it was small-pox?" whispered the cheerful spirit.

LIEUT. MEANS, U.S.V.,
1st Colorado Infantry.

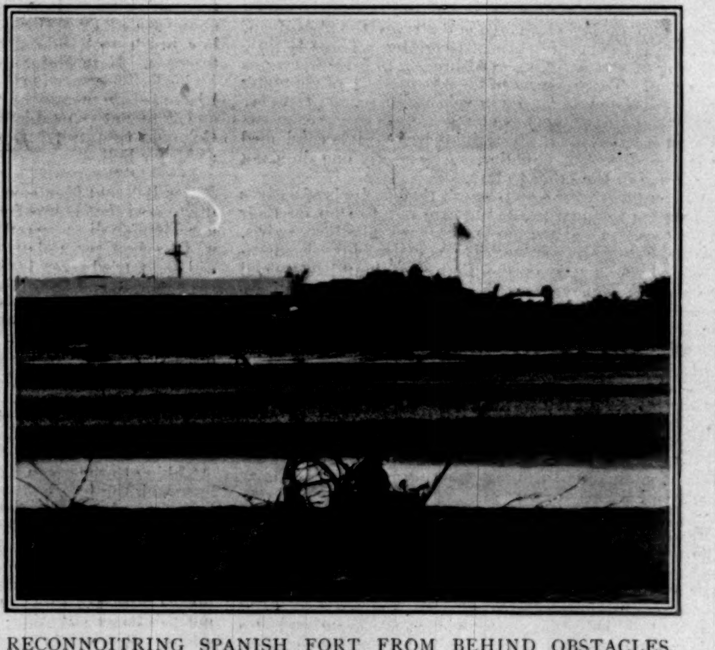


MAJOR J. F. BELL, U.S.V.E.
(Lieut. 7th U. S. Cavalry.)

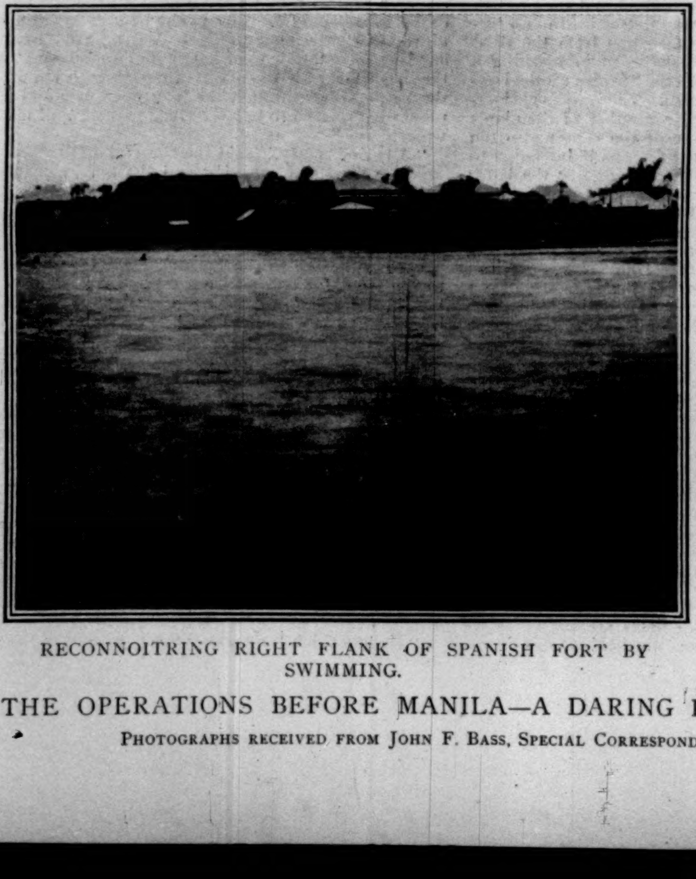


LIEUT. CLOTWORTHY, U.S.V.,
1st Colorado Infantry.

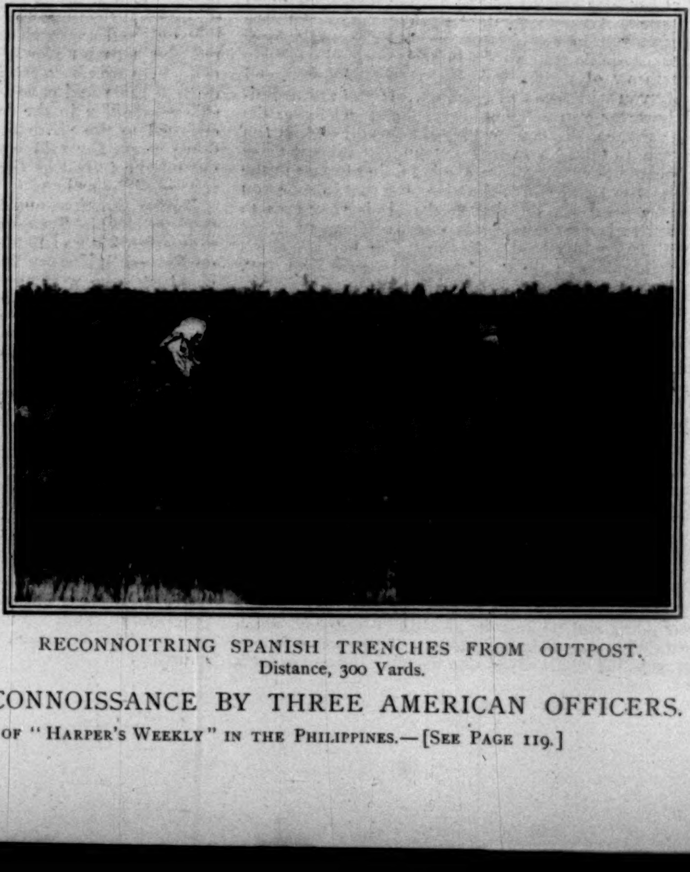
RECONNOITRING SPANISH FORT FROM BEHIND OBSTACLES.
Distance, 150 Yards.



RECONNOITRING SPANISH FORT FROM BEHIND OBSTACLES.
Distance, 137 Yards.



RECONNOITRING RIGHT FLANK OF SPANISH FORT BY SWIMMING.

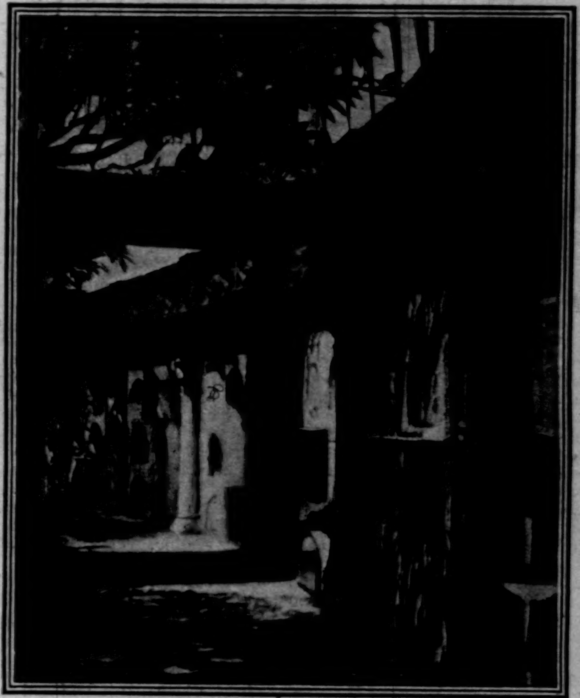


RECONNOITRING SPANISH TRENCHES FROM OUTPOST.
Distance, 300 Yards.

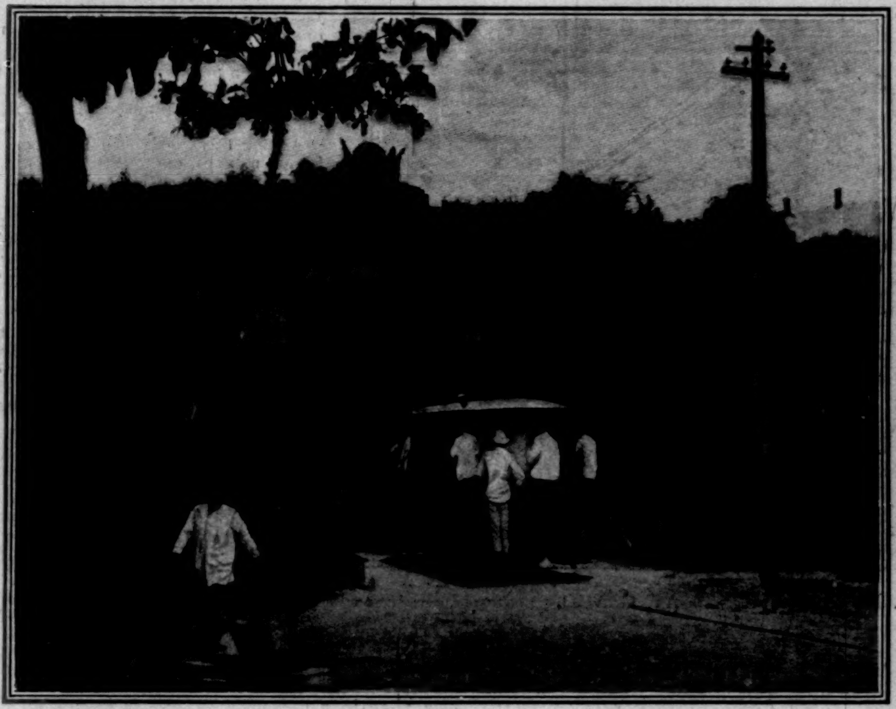
THE OPERATIONS BEFORE MANILA—A DARING RECONNOISSANCE BY THREE AMERICAN OFFICERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS RECEIVED FROM JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 119.]

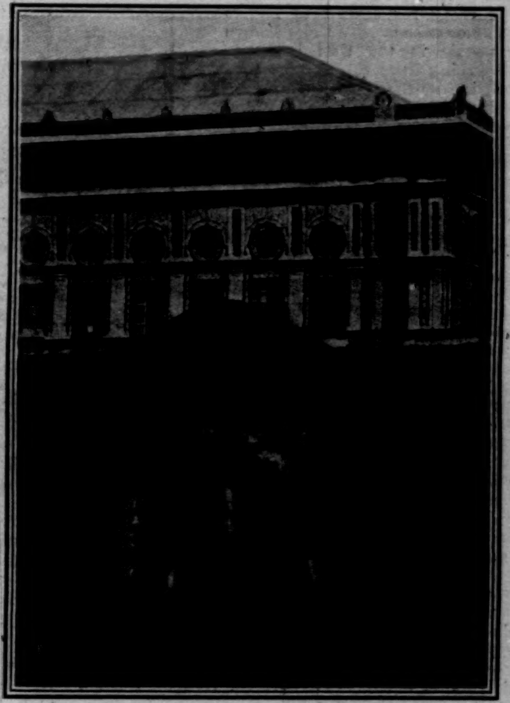
ONE OF THE FOUR GATES.



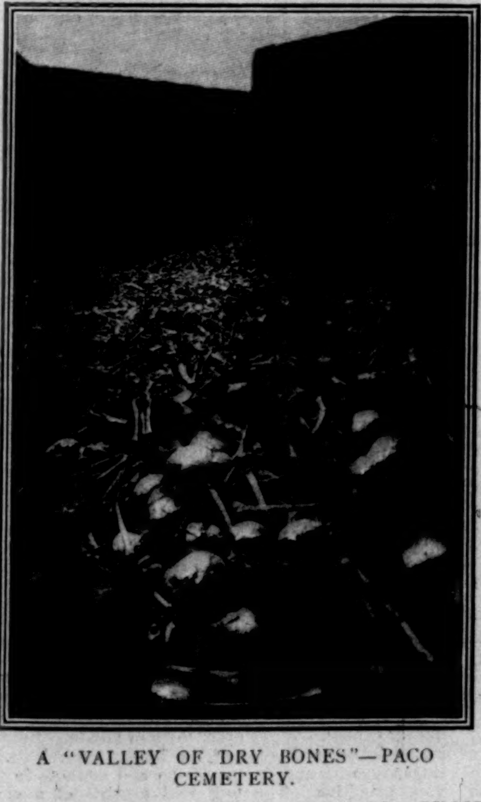
PACO CEMETERY—WALL WITH NICHES FOR THE RECEPTION OF BODIES.



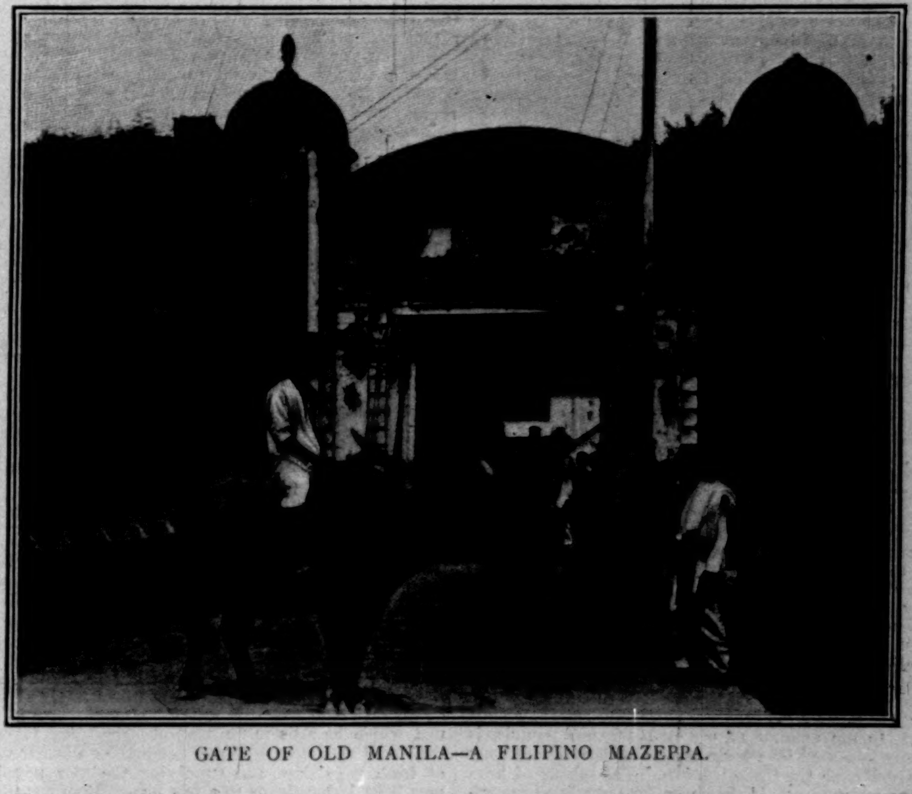
GATE OF ISABEL II.



AN ENTRANCE TO OLD MANILA.



A "VALLEY OF DRY BONES"—PACO CEMETERY.



GATE OF OLD MANILA—A FILIPINO MAZEPPA.

MANILA—PACO CEMETERY AND THE FOUR GATES OF THE OLD CITY.

Photographs by Lieut. C. F. O'Keefe, U.S.V., 1st Colorado Infantry, and by John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.—[See Page 119.]

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—PUERTO RICO

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

INDUSTRIAL POSSIBILITIES OF THE ISLAND

(Concluded)

CATTLE-RAISING has a bright future in this country, where the tall succulent bunch-grass grows as high as one's head, and the cropping of hay is never required, since the rich green food grows perennially. In 1895 only a little over 4000 head of live cattle were exported from the island, which brought an average of $38 apiece. There are no statistics as to the home consumption of beef, and it is impossible to even approximate that consumption when dealing with a people who are large meat-eaters among the well-to-do, and use little or none at all among the vast army of poverty-stricken peasants. Assuming that the annual exportation of hides, which amounts to about 11,000, represents one-fourth of the cattle slaughtered, the yearly consumption would be in the neighborhood of 50,000 head.

The accredited great cattle region of the island, the reputation of which is borne out by personal observations and the fallible testimony of the eye, is in the northeast section, a great district around Carolina and Rio Grande. The rolling, low-lying hills, adjacent to the immense flat and fertile cane-bearing bottoms, are covered with grazing cattle. These animals are much like the famous long-horned cattle of Texas, but are far finer in appearance and heavier—a condition brought about by the ease of grazing in fields where every step gives an abundance of nutritious food. The island of Vieques has been a large producer of beef-cattle for the main island, and each year many thousands are shipped to San Juan and other sea-port towns—Santo Domingo and Haiti being also purchasers from this point.

Raising cattle for market in Puerto Rico has no drawbacks like those known to our people in the United States, such as carrying them through the hard winters of the northern and eastern sections and feeding them with hay and grain, or, as in the great Southwest, suffering from a shortage of pasture caused by biting blizzards or the withering heats of summer, when the grass becomes crisp and brown. It is a paradise for cattle—plenty of food the year round, flowing water in every hollow, and never a need for housing. With the United States as a market and free entry for cattle, there will be great inducement for money-makers in a land where hundreds of thousands of fine animals may be raised with a minimum amount of expense. The use of cold-storage plants in the island, already contemplated by some of our great beef-packers, with a view of introducing American fresh meats, might and probably will be reversed in a very few years to handling an island product for the benefit of the consumers in the United States. The high price of land may be cited as an argument against cattle-raising, but within given areas on the island many times more cattle may be grazed than in any portion of our own country, and if Pennsylvania and New York farmers can raise cattle with profit on lands valued, on an average, at $200 an acre, their only advantage being near-by markets, certainly in a region averaging $100 an acre and rejoicing in a superabundance of rich food much profit must accrue to the investor.

Dairy farming is another opening which has a future, notwithstanding the attendant drawbacks of a hot climate, no cold springs for cooling the milk, and ice at a premium. If entered into on a sufficiently large scale to warrant the installation of an ice-plant, the returns would leave a large margin of profit. As things are to-day, the cattle are milked but once in twenty-four hours, before daylight each morning. The warm milk must reach the consumer in a very few hours, or be lost by souring. The selling price ranges from eight to twelve cents a quart. Cream is unknown, not because, as one of the army officers put it, "This damn Puerto-Rican milk is so poor that never a particle of cream can rise," but because it is never sufficiently cool for cream to rise. Canned butter sells for from 60 cents to $1 a pound, in two, three, and five pound tins. This article, which delicate people should never have analyzed, was imported in 1895 to the extent of 365,000 pounds.

Cheese, another of the by-products of the milk-farm, is annually imported to the amount of a million and a quarter pounds. Also, there is made on the island good, palatable, hand-pressed cheese, too white, too dry, and too tasteless for the average foreigner, but largely consumed by the natives.

Dairies established with proper refrigerating facilities, near any of the larger towns, will be more than able to compete with the methods in vogue. Cream, fresh butter, and cheese would find a ready market at prices—for the present, at least—much higher than those of America.

Poultry-culture, as it exists to-day, seems to consist mainly of breeding game fighting-cocks. Miserable little chickens of a pound and a half bring 50 cents each. Eggs are to be had in limited quantities at sliding-scale prices, ranging from 30 cents to 50 cents a dozen, determined largely by the age of the hen-fruit, which becomes painfully over-ripe in forty-eight hours.

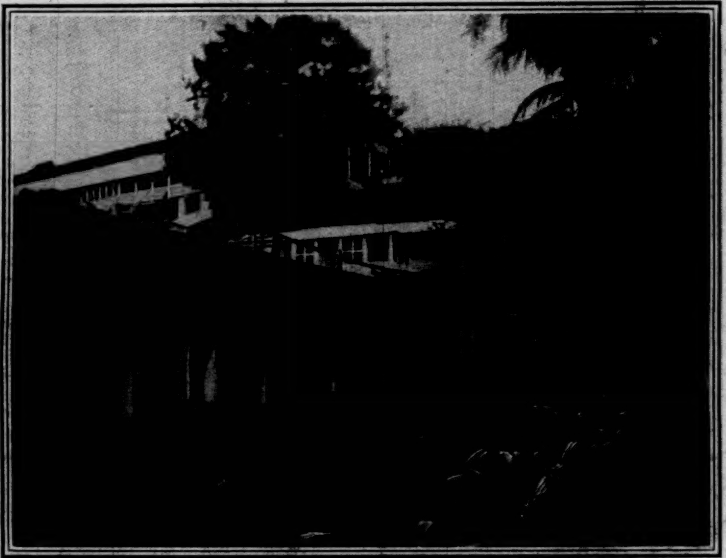
Fresh mutton is always in demand in the market, and it is an easy matter to keep sheep fat and in good condition. Wool-growing would not be a success, unless hair cloth becomes fashionable, as the imported lamb soon turns into a goat, judging by his bristling coat.

Pork, to the amount of nearly 10,000,000 pounds, is annually imported by Puerto Rico, and is almost wholly purchased from the United States. The raising of hogs in large numbers would, however, be a doubtful experiment, owing to the high price of corn, though there is much mast in the mountain regions, upon which they are said to grow fat. The indigenous animal is an extremely poor specimen of the razor-back species.

Corn is scarce and high-priced, and cannot be raised with much success on the northern half of the island, on account of the quantity of rain. The lands of the drier southern portions of the island are capable of producing very excellent corn, though during exceptionally wet seasons it is apt to mature badly and be injured by canker and must. The failure of corn crops in certain years is made apparent by the variable importation of this grain, which sometimes rises as high as 20,000 bushels, and falls in other years to one-fourth this amount. This year (1898), the island crop is very promising, and in the Yauco and Mayaguez districts several thousand acres of this cereal wave ten feet high, usually bearing two large ears to the stalk. While the local price of corn is high, ranging from 80 cents to 95 cents a bushel, it is not at all probable that in the future, with open markets, island corn can compete with the American product. The benefits, therefore, will accrue to American exporters of maize.

It is said that cotton can be grown successfully on the island, and in the past the crop has been referred to in consular reports. The raw product, however, has not been able to compete with foreign-grown cottons, and the raising has fallen into desuetude. In view of the over-supply of this commodity in our own country and the prevailing low prices, there is no remunerative future promise from the growing of cotton in Puerto Rico.

A mountain-rice is grown quite extensively by the peons, and at some points by the larger landholders and planters, but it is usually considered inferior to the foreign lowland-grown rice. In 1895, over 74,000,000 pounds, averaging a little more than three cents a pound, were brought into Puerto Rico. These figures indicate to what a large extent this cereal is consumed by the native population, being a little over eighty pounds per capita annually, not including the home product, which is consumed mainly by the poor people, and which would bring the consumption up to and over one hundred pounds. This remarkable quantity of rice is purchased principally from Great Britain, Germany, and Spain, the United States never having furnished more than 10,000 pounds in any one year during the last ten.



THE HOT SPRINGS AT COAMO.

It may be impossible, even with the cheap labor of this island, to compete with the cheaper Indian and Chinese rice, but one wonders nevertheless why sugar-cane planters, who have been running behind financially year by year, on account of primitive machinery and the disastrously low price of sugar, do not attempt the cultivation of rice in lieu of sugar-cane. Many of the estates are admirably adapted to such a purpose, with irrigation ready at hand and sufficient in quantity. It would at least pay a considerable margin over the cost of cultivation, and would be far preferable to the present custom of making muscavado sugar at a loss.

Bay rum and the essential oil of the bay-tree, which grows luxuriantly on the island, bring an annual income of no mean proportions into the coffers of a number of men. Up to the present time, however, no systematic culture of this tree, which furnishes us with the delicious bath and tonsorial perfume, has been attempted. While this is now an industry of minor importance, there is no reason why it should not readily be expanded into a commercial enterprise of magnitude. The destructive distillation of the leaves in rum and the extraction of the essential oil from the leaves are both extremely simple and require no extensive plant.

Market-gardening for the cities is not apt to prove very remunerative in a region where every negro or mestizo, by stirring up the earth with a stick and planting seed, secures a tenfold return for his labor, and, further, where the primitive gardener is in the habit of trudging miles, on his own bare feet with a few centavos' worth of produce, which he sells in the market-place. Americanizing the island will mean a greater demand for a larger variety of fresh vegetables, and supplying the new population may offer inducements to a few men. Rich returns will accrue, however, only through the raising of agricultural products which may be exported. The raising of fruits and vegetables, with the attendant industrial possibilities, will be treated in another article.

Lumbering has no future in the island, as it has long since been on the wane. There are no extensive sections covered with virgin forests; here and there, on the rugged mountain-sides in the eastern central and western central portions, a few hundred acres may be found clothed in heavy timber, but beyond these regions and scattered patches, from which the best woods have been culled, no timber remains. The vast wildernesses of trees, which often mislead the unknowing into believing that forests abound, are usually the spindling guava and mocha tree coverings for rich coffee plantations beneath.

There have been, and yet remain, many small areas of rare and fine woods, but, in the commercial sense of lumbering, there are no business openings of any magnitude. The small rare growths will be cut out as the clearing of land for agricultural purposes proceeds, and will be sold abroad as the years go by, the larger common timber being used, as in the past, for the framing of local buildings.

The balance of trade in lumber—excepting the types of rare woods—will be largely in favor of the United States, though up to 1896 only an annual average of a million dollars' worth of wood and its manufactured products was shipped to Puerto Rico. At Lares, in the heart of the mountain region, lumber is worth $50 a thousand feet, and the cost of erecting frame houses and buildings, at this high price for building material, may readily be imagined. There should be a great demand for cheap American lumber.

Wood for fuel is becoming scarcer each year, and, delivered at the big sugar-mills in small ox-cart loads of about a third of a cord, commands the exorbitant price of a peso to a peso and a half, and this too for the roughest kind of firewood, crooked, with knots and knobs, and much small stuff among it.

Among the woods still found on the island may be enumerated the *asoubo*, which grows very large, is very hard, reddish in color, a little like mahogany, and is used for house-framing, principally; the *capa blanca*, which grows large, is hard, fine-grained, white in color, and used for framing and furniture manufacture; *capa prieta* is a beautiful wood, fine-grained, with black and white streaks, grows large and straight, rather rare now, and is desirable for export trade; *capa de sabana* is a soft wood, with a white ground having yellowish veins; looks—by optical illusion—semi-transparent when polished, rare now, and used by the natives for the manufacture of beautiful canes; *aceitillo* is another fine hard wood, of yellowish color, which makes good plough stuff, carriages, and framing; *cedro* (cedar) is found rather plentifully, and is used to a limited extent for cigar-boxes—it is not, however, the fragrant species so common in Cuba, and is therefore less desirable, commanding a much lower price; mahogany is found in small trees, but is not profitable, commercially—it is used for making fine canes; lignum-vitæ occurs in some districts, in limited quantities, but the major portion of the best wood has long since been exported; *tachuelo* is interesting for a hardness so extreme that a nail will not penetrate it, and for a weight which causes it to sink in water; the *ciera* or silk-cotton-tree is one of the most imposing of tropical growths, rising to great heights, with far outspreading branches, and with immense encircling ribs, which stand out like braces at its base.

There are hundreds of other woods, many of them very beautiful with variegated colors, but not growing in sufficient quantity to make the handling of them profitable.

There are a number of small manufacturing projects which may be carried into effect by quick-witted men, and through them a few men with small capital will undoubtedly make a beginning in this new territory. Straw-hat making and straw-plaiting offer opportunities where rice straw and a score of grasses and barks are abundant and adaptable to this end; rope-making from vegetable fibre is another; tortoise-shell cutting still another; fan-making, cane manufacture, basket-weaving, and many others, dependent on the natural resources, will be found profitable in a small way.

Manufacturing of any kind in Puerto Rico for home consumption will probably be profitable only when the raw material is found or grown on the island, as the want of mineral fuel—unless discovered later—will be a serious drawback.

The United States, by reason of the abundant supply of cheap fuel, will be able to furnish Puerto Rico with all commodities manufactured from raw materials not found on the island, at less cost than she can fabricate them herself, and it may even be discovered that many of the raw products of the island—where they are not perishable—may be more economically enhanced in value in America.

Whether Puerto Rico manufactures or not in the future, on a large scale, depends greatly upon what action Congress may take in determining the form of government for the island. With free trade relations between the United States and her new possession, manufactories will be slow to develop; on the other hand, high tariff will force her to increase the value of crude materials at home.

Brick, flagging, and tile making should be a good opening for capital. While every town of any importance has its brick-kiln, and some of the largest several, their fittings are crude and the machinery and methods in vogue very primitive. The pug-mill consists of a circular trench dug in the ground, some two and a half feet wide by two in depth. Around this excavation an ordinary wheel travels—one from a cart usually serves the purpose—through which is thrust a long wooden pole, attached to a swivel-head in the centre of the circle, which answers for both axle and draught-bar. A yoke of oxen on the outer periphery furnishes the motive power. Clay and water are thrown into the trench, and the wobbling, revolving wheel does the pugging. The pugged clay is all moulded into brick by hand, and often a form is not used, but the plastic clay is paddled into brick shape. Drying takes a long time, as the clay is worked very moist, and the atmosphere is usually damp. Burning is done with wood, in fairly good kilns of small dimensions. Good brick of this character brings $15 a thousand.

From this meagre outline of the process, it will be readily understood by brick-makers that, through the introduction of modern brick-making machinery—the dry-clay variety being preferable—far finer brick could be produced, and the present price could be almost halved and yet leave a handsome profit to the investor.

Roof-tiles are also made by hand, the proper curves being given over a wooden mould. The same brick-machine, with an additional die, is easily adapted to the manufacture of simple curved roofing-tiles.

The clays of the island are exceedingly fine for all purposes to which burnt clay is applied. There are many clays with only a small percentage of iron, which will burn light, but the majority of them are the iron-bearing ones, which burn into bright reds. The texture and homogeneity of most of the clays cannot be surpassed, where a hard, firm, clear, ringing brick is desired. It is claimed that kaoline of fine quality appears in the western portions of the island, but, in view of the fact that there are several earths identical in appearance with kaoline, though totally different in chemical composition, this point must first be determined before being finally announced; there are, however, other clays well adapted to the manufacture of the heavier and coarser pottery wares.

Every small town in the island has its alleged hotel, and the larger cities have several, among them some very good abiding-places for the travelling public. Cafés are found by scores and hundreds in the cities, towns, and villages, as well as scattered along the highways and trails; in fact, any house or hut bearing on a highway may be approached with perfect confidence that at least coffee, bread, and *dulces* are served for the benefit of the passer-by.

From an American stand-point, however, there are no good hotels on the island of Puerto Rico. The rooms are meanly furnished, the beds are without mattresses, the victim sleeping on a blanket spread over wire springs so short that the head must be skilfully perched on the infantile pillow to keep it off the wooden cross-piece, while the heels rest on the bottom of the wooden frame in such a position as to cause one to feel as if he were sleeping with his feet on top of the mantel-piece. It requires months of practice to slumber easily and not get up with a broken back. The partitions between the rooms are usually made of a single planking, and the next-door neighbor's midnight idiosyncrasies may be a source of entertainment more painful than pleasant to the insomniac. American hotels, run by Americans, will be hailed with delight by the army officers, and, in the large towns, the fear of lack of patronage need never be felt, as the English-speaking population is large and will rapidly increase.

The cafés are fair—that is, in all the big centres there are establishments where one can be reasonably well fed. They are so numerous, moreover, that few Americans will be able to sandwich in among them with much chance of a brilliant business success.

For a winter resort the climate of the island is everything that the æsthete, the tourist, or the invalid could desire. The balmy days and cool nights of January and February, the exquisite flowers and tropical verdure, the rolling mountains and the rushing brooks, all blend to charm the eye and the senses, and should, in a few years, make Puerto Rico a much-sought-after winter home for those who roam the earth in search of more genial temperature. Winter-resort hotels will, in every probability, be one of the successful financial ventures. There are many spots in the lovely mountain regions which offer sites of natural beauty, encompassed by natural wonders. One might suggest the great caves of Aguas Buenas or those near San German as desirable points, though there are many other places in this great limestone country where unexplored caves may turn out to be caverns rivalling in extent those of America.

Thermal, mineral, and medicinal springs occur in numbers all over the island, the one of chief present importance being two miles from Coamo, where the heated mineral water rushes out of the earth in great quantities. This has been a favorite resort of the island population for many years, and a fairly comfortable establishment exists. There are also mineral springs at Ponce and Caguas, which have been, to some extent, developed commercially, and there are numbers of others scattered through the land, to whose curative properties enthusiastic praise is given.

The most serious hinderance to the immediate development of winter resorts is the lack of roads. The great travelling public, excepting the brawny, danger-loving tourist, is not going to be carried over wild mountain trails, even to witness the most profound natural phenomena. The military road across the island is the only travel route now feasible for the mass, and along this line certainly not over three fashionable resorts would prove profitable. However, not many years will elapse without bringing to this land of sunshine and flowers its needed highways, and with them crowds of seekers after pleasure, comfort, and health.

General merchandising is held well in hand by Spanish and Puerto-Rican storekeepers, and Americans will err if they assume that as business men they are more capable than their newly acquired dark-haired brethren; for the Spanish tradesman is thoroughly clever and competent, usually well educated, polite to a fault, and eager to meet the wants of the incoming American population. Most of these men are well-to-do capitalists, and they have often carried on the same business in the family for generations. It will be no easy task for shopkeeping Americans to compete with an element of this character, which controls all the native trade, and is capable of meeting all the exigencies of the new.

LONDON

January 14, 1899.

I LEARN without surprise that very strong pressure is being unsuccessfully brought to bear upon the government from certain quarters to intervene in connection with the troubles in the Transvaal. Vigorous action is desired. If the present Parliament be dissolved after the completion of its sixth session, ministers have but little more than two years of office to look for. It has been pretty well understood in well-informed circles that sooner or later the two great mistakes of Mr. Gladstone's ministry of 1880 would be wiped out, should opportunity occur, by a Unionist administration. One of these mistakes was the abandonment of Gordon and the Egyptian garrisons in the Sudan. Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener having recovered the Sudan, that transaction is wiped off the slate. The recovery of the Transvaal is a different matter. Law, progress, and sensible legislation in the South-African republic were believed to be indefinitely postponed by Jameson's mad and futile freak. If President Krüger had only played his cards with moderate skill, the position of the Transvaal would still remain morally impregnable. Fair play requires that England should exercise the utmost forbearance before taking active steps against Boer delinquencies. Such, however, is the reckless folly with which President Krüger and his advisers have met the just requirements of the English-speaking population that the difficulty with the British government now is how not to interfere. The Convention of 1884 is openly flouted, and especially as regards those articles which stipulate for the equality of Uitlanders and burghers before the law. Despotism, with the denial of elementary rights of citizens, is the form of rule favored by the Boer government. This is more than Anglo-Saxon flesh and blood will stand. Krüger is trying to play the part of George III., at the end of the nineteenth century, while Dr. Leyds and the new Secretary of State, Reitz, reproduce the insolent fatuities of Rockingham and Lord North. Upon the British and American inhabitants of Johannesburg and other mining centres is levied the taxation that keeps the Boer farmer in idleness, and enables a hungry horde of corrupt officials to live at their ease. Taxation without representation is producing the usual results. Conservative and sober minds are still inclined to await the disappearance of Mr. Krüger from this world of sin and sorrow, and favor the further exercise of that patience which again and again in the long history of Britain has proved her salvation. But the old gentleman is so uncommonly tough, and the tension is so great, that there is a constant danger of outbreak. Strong as the necessity may be for vigorous interference by her Majesty's government, the state of our relations with France presents almost unanswerable reasons for continuing the policy of endurance which was practically entailed by Dr. Jameson upon the people and government of Great Britain in their dealings with the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain, however, no longer inquires after Mrs. Krüger's health, and arrangements have been quietly made for the solution of any military problem that may arise in the event of the Boer government taking the initiative.

A RUPTURE with France is now possible because the maintenance of peace no longer rests in the hands of Lord Salisbury. The military oligarchy which controls the destinies of France shrinks from a war with Germany, for obvious reasons, and favors the alternative of war with England, on the ground that, although defeat is inevitable in either case, a struggle with the English would leave the French army intact, would involve only the death of a few thousand sailors and the dislocation of commerce, with perhaps the loss of a batch of unprofitable colonies. One member of the French General Staff has openly stated that while these calamities would not affect the interests of the heads of the army, a war with England would enable them to seize the reins of power, to punish or destroy their domestic enemies, and to expel the Jewish, Protestant, and intellectual elements in the population which now form the only barrier against the accomplishment of the revolutionary designs of the military confederacy. Jewish friends in Paris tell me that they are in constant dread of a new St. Bartholomew.

HER Majesty is now at Osborne, where she regularly spends Christmas and the New-Year. An amusing story, which I have reason to know is true, has reached me. While a regimental band was playing after the Queen's luncheon, a sprightly music-hall air, unfamiliar to her Majesty, struck her fancy. She immediately despatched an aide-de-camp to find out the name of the piece of music. On his return it was noticed that the officer's face was troubled, and instead of at once complying with her Majesty's command he hesitated, until the Queen insisted on his telling her what was the piece of music that she had admired. With much difficulty the officer faltered out that its title was, "Come where the booze is cheaper." After inquiring the meaning of the substantive, the Queen is said thoroughly to have enjoyed the joke.

THE opposition to an expansion policy which is so marked a feature in American public life begins to find an echo on this side of the water. People are beginning to ask themselves what will the British tax-payer get out of the contemplated railway from Cairo to Cape Town when the communication is completed? The Mombasa and Uganda Railway is built with a different gauge than that of the Cape or Egyptian systems, and a break of bulk will be required at Uganda, or wherever the junction may take place. With cheap and constant water communication between Britain and Cape Town it is difficult to understand the class of traffic that will make use of five thousand miles of railway transport on the Dark Continent. The prospects of Rhodesia are still uncertain, but the Rhodes party are using all their political and social influence to induce the government to guarantee the Tanganyika section of the Cape Town to Cairo Railway. There is reason to believe that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has already yielded, or is about to yield, to the representations made to him on the subject. Seeing that there is an enormous trade in China already in existence, which needs only railway communication for its indefinite expansion, and remembering that the government has refused to guarantee a penny for railways in China, the assumption of further heavy pecuniary responsibilities in central Africa is a policy that will be bitterly attacked before any of us is very much older. One of the pieces of good fortune attending Mr. Rhodes's career is the alliteration contained in the words "Cape Town to Cairo." But for this, it is improbable that the project of the Tanganyika railway would be entertained by any government in its senses. A project for a railway from Maine to Patagonia would not float on its merits. Cape Town to Cairo is unlikely to yield greater results, always remembering that the alliteration is of priceless value to English expansionists.

Arnold White.

The Yankee Tar of '98

THE achievements of the United States navy during the Spanish-American war are less remarkable when one becomes acquainted with the superb personnel which manned the guns and fed the fires during the brief but brilliant strife.

At the beginning of the war several foreign critics predicted shortcomings, if not disaster, owing to the alleged "lack of discipline," "mongrel crews," etc., which prevailed on our ships of war. These critics have been crushed by the performances of our bluejackets, who are to-day fully the equals in all things, and the superiors in many, of the men who captured the *Serapis*, humbled the Barbary pirates, and in 1812 made the American nation the only successful competitor that Britain has ever had upon the seas.

For coolness, intelligence, devotion to duty, and utter disregard of personal danger, the Yankee tar of '98 leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, under the test of war, he has revealed qualities which astonished even his own officers, who had known him only under the monotonous conditions of peace. There was no shirking in the Spanish-American war, and when men were told to do a thing they could be relied upon absolutely to do it.

I have seen cases of emergency, coaling, where every man on board, petty officers, men who had just come off watch, men on sick-list even, turned to with a will at this usually hated task, and rushed the coal into the bunkers with speed hardly conceivable, cheering when the last bucket was emptied and the work done. On the blockade off Santiago there were doubled lookouts placed on deck, thus doubling the work, but even then there were dozens of voluntary lookouts day and night, straining their eyes at the entrance to the harbor, longing for a sight of the enemy's ships emerging. This eagerness to get at the enemy was a universal and marked characteristic of the men. Once, when I was sent away from my ship on distant service with an armed boat's crew of seven men, right in the heart of the enemy's country, the pleadings of those who wished to share the danger by going with me were really touching. One big sunburnt fellow actually wept when I told him he could not go. The only way I could still the clamor of volunteers was by announcing that only the regular boat's crew should go. When, after eighteen hours of hardship, we returned without being attacked, the disgust of the men was amusing. "Them Dagoes 'ain't got no enterprise," was a remark made by my coxswain, which met with hearty approval from all. Once, during the same night, I chased what we supposed was a hostile boat, larger than ours. While in pursuit, the men at the oars fairly lifted my boat out of the water. Men never rowed harder. When we found the strange craft innocent, and started to pull back, the murmurings of disappointment verged upon positive indignation.

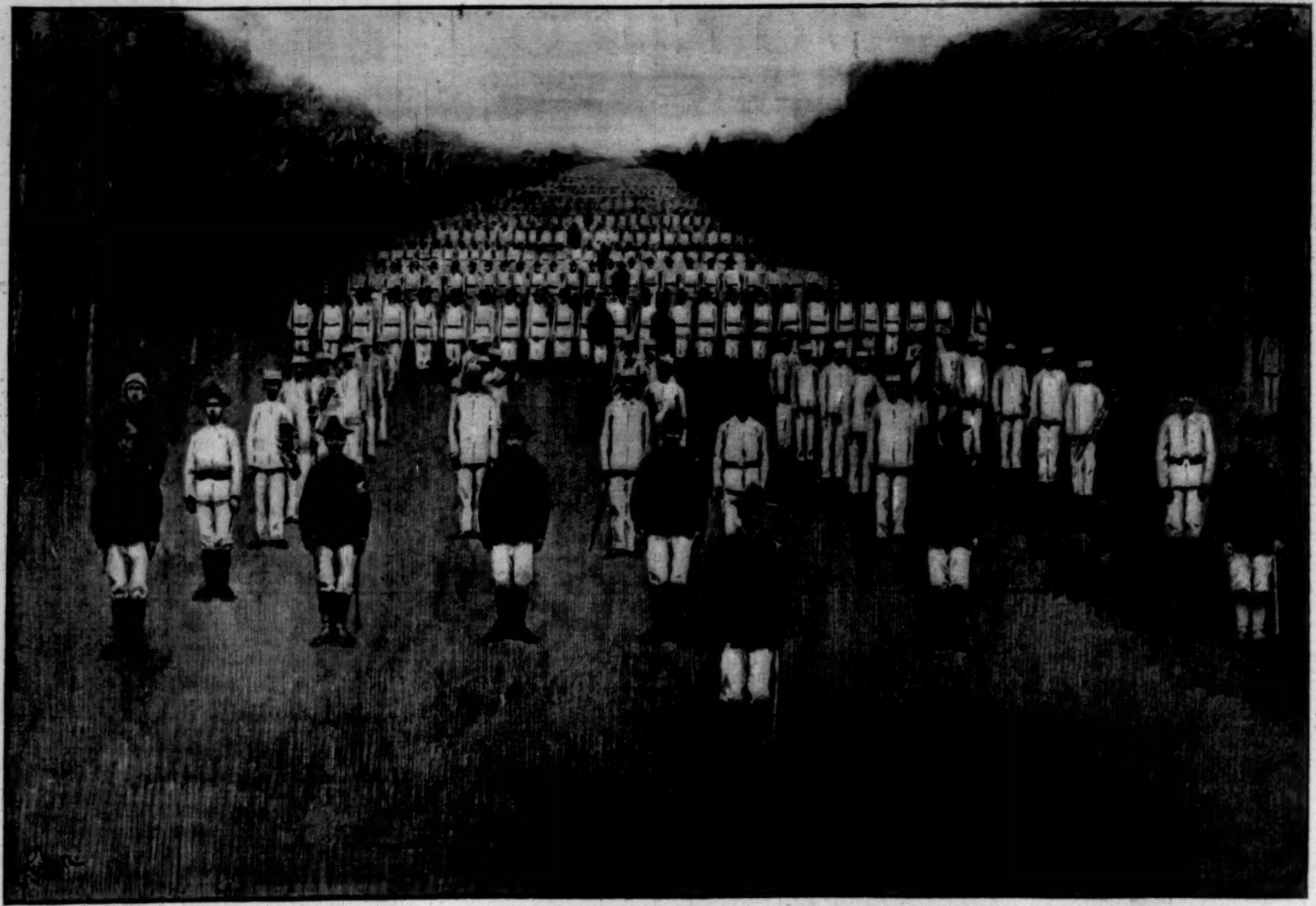
One morning, early in June, the *New Orleans* was ordered close in to shell some new gun emplacements east of the Morro. The position she took was in excellent range of both the Morro and Socapa batteries. Under her stern was the little *Gloucester*, with orders not to fire, her heaviest guns being only 6-pounders. The *Gloucester's* men did not altogether like this, but they quietly went about their allotted tasks as if nothing were taking place. They scrubbed their clothes, washed the decks, and cleaned up bright work, while shells from the shore batteries were flying all about them, with as much *nonchalance* as if lying peaceably in New York Harbor. Occasionally, when a shell would pass particularly close, one would hear such jocular comments as "Low ball," "Once more for the drinks," "That's a '96 model, Dago."

While the marines were holding their position at Guantanamo, there were almost daily encounters between the war-ships in the bay and the enemy's forces on shore. On one vessel the gun-shield of her starboard forecastle gun was cracked and had to be removed, leaving the men behind it completely exposed. This annoyed the crew of the corresponding gun on the port side, whose shield was intact. They wanted it removed at once. All sorts of pretexts were brought up, such as its "spoiling their aim," etc., but the ordnance and divisional officers did not see their way clear to complying with the request. One fine morning the shield was missing. It was found joined to the damaged one from the starboard gun, both being neatly and firmly secured amidships, forming an improvised barbette around the boxes of spare ammunition always kept on deck for sudden emergencies. It is hardly necessary to say that the officer in charge of the division never made any inquiries, never made any report of the episode, never even referred to the matter before the men of the port gun.

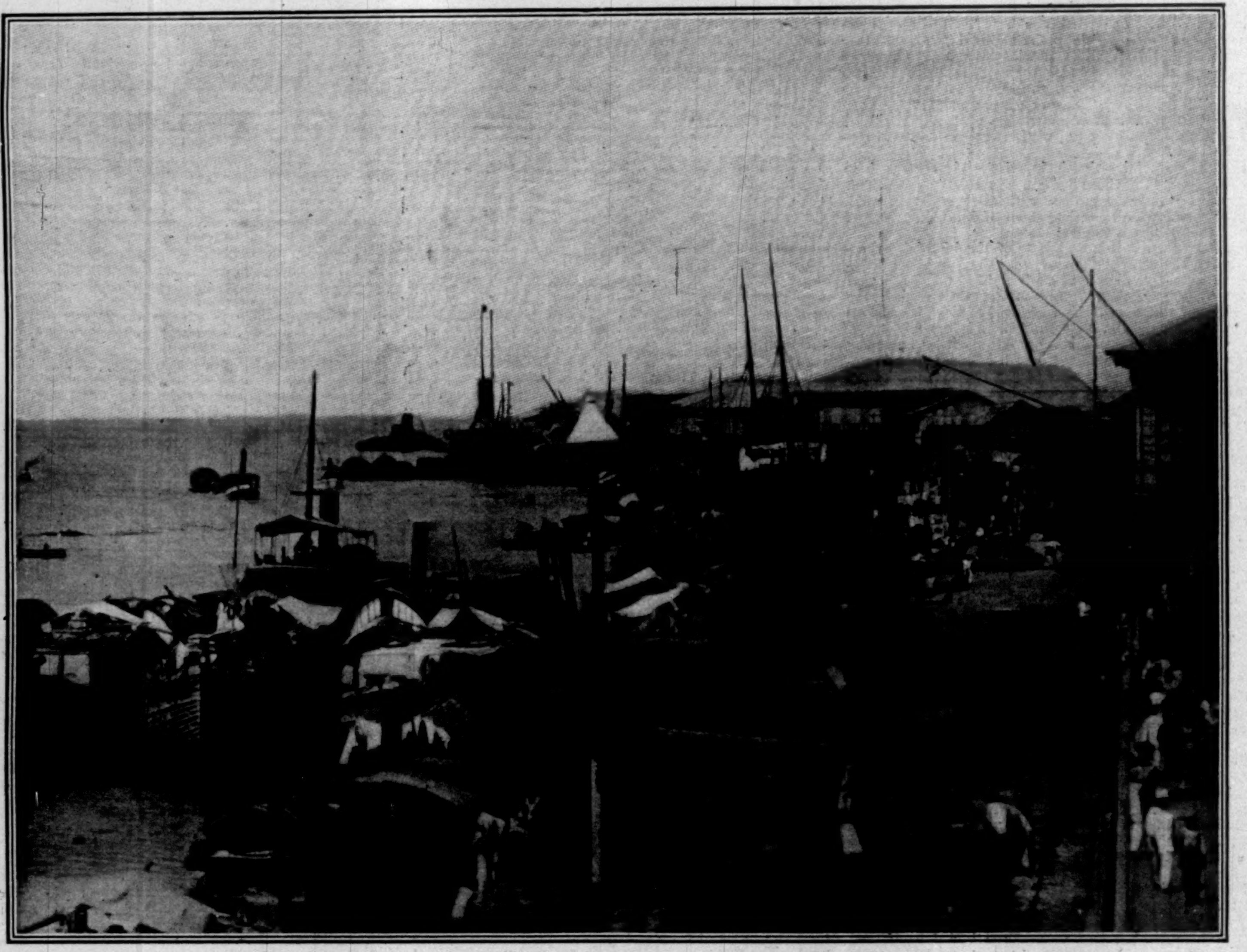
I must say that my emotions are stirred even now when I recall the sight of the men as my ship would go into action. Every man at his post, no excitement other than a poorly repressed eagerness for the order to commence firing; all cool, all listening for the slightest word of caution or command. When the firing was at its height it was just the same—coolness, perfect oblivion to danger. Sights were adjusted promptly and correctly as needed, aim carefully rectified, the firing done with deadly deliberation, yet with rapidity.

With such men behind the guns, and with such guns and ships, no navy need cause us fear with equal numbers. And when song and story want a subject, let the Yankee tar of 1898 be not forgotten.

Arthur H. Dutton,
Lieutenant, U.S.N.



THE 1ST COLORADO INFANTRY, U.S.V., ON ITS WEEKLY PARADE FOR INSPECTION.—Drawn by F. Luis Mora from a Photograph.



THE COMMERCE OF THE CITY—SCENE ALONG THE WATER-FRONT.

MANILA—ITS WARLIKE AND PEACEFUL SIDES.

Photographs from John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.—[See Page 119.]

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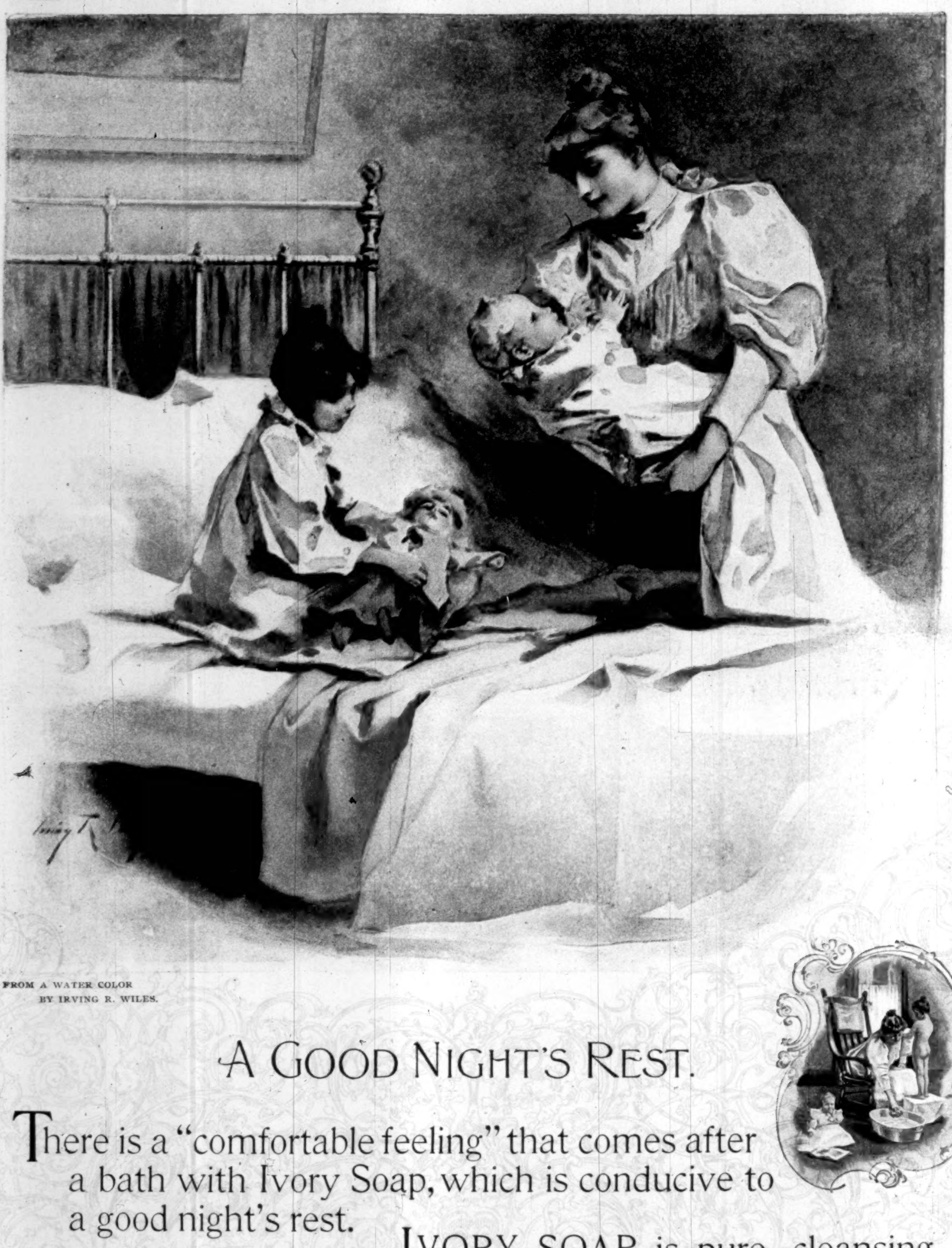

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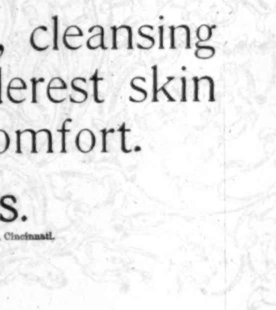

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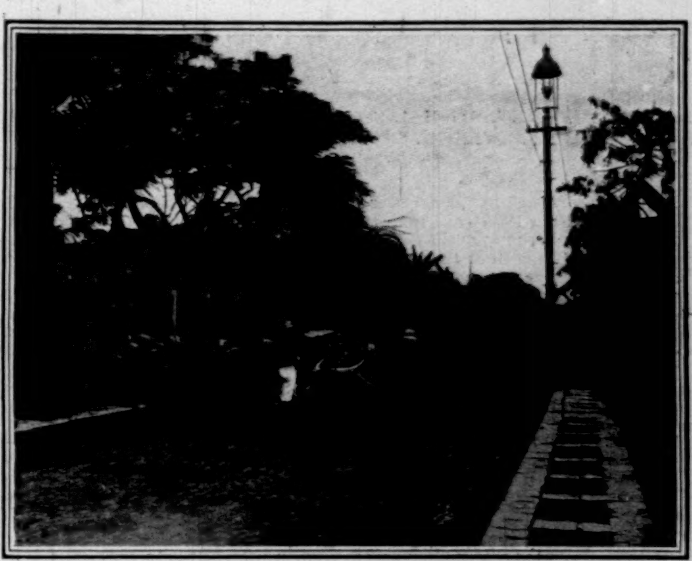
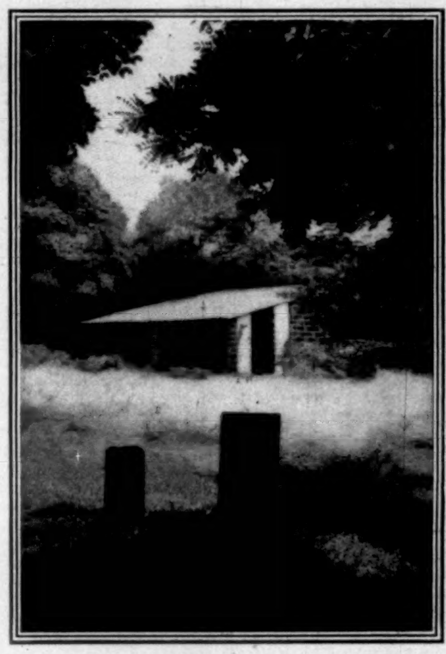
SPANISH BARRIERS ON THE WAY TO MANILA.

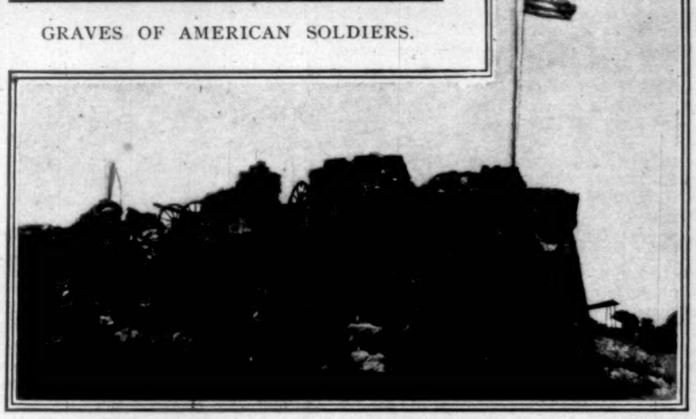


THE LAST SPANISH TRENCH.



GRAVES OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

DESERTED TRENCHES—A LONELY WATCH.



FORT SAN ANTONIO ABAD, SHOWING EFFECT OF AMERICAN SHELLS.

NATURE'S BARRIERS ON THE WAY TO MANILA.

A NATIVE SHOP.

CROSSING THE MOAT INTO OLD MANILA.

MANILA—SCENES OF INTEREST IN AND ABOUT THE CITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE, U.S.V., 1ST COLORADO INFANTRY, AND JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 119.]

MANILA

BY FRANK D. MILLET, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

London, *January 12, 1899.*

IT is a mistake to suppose that the attitude of the Filipino insurgents has changed since the Paris treaty defined the Philippine question; it has been practically the same ever since the capture of Manila, for at no time since then could armed United States troops have entered the territory in the possession of the insurgents without provoking open hostility. Much has already been written about the humiliating position of the American forces in Manila in their relations with the insurgents, by whom they have all along been practically besieged, and I will only recall a few points of the situation, in order to show that the Filipinos are, after all, not to be so much blamed for their assumption of authority, or for their expectation to be recognized as an independent government. We ourselves have educated them up to these ideas by a policy of non-interference with them in any of their performances, however much they were opposed to our principles, and however degrading they were to our dignity as a military force. We have only ourselves to call to account for whatever loss of life may result from the present situation in the islands of Luzon and Panay.

When Admiral Dewey landed Aguinaldo and his immediate following at Cavité, and practically made them a present of the place with the captured Spanish arsenal, they naturally considered this act as a tangible proof of recognition as a necessary ally. During the siege of Manila, Aguinaldo was very persistent in demanding some status as an ally, or at least some consideration as a possible co-operating factor in the capture of the town, but no formal notice was ever taken of his demands, nor was his force ever co-operated with in the investment of the town, unless our occupation of a portion of the insurgent lines be called co-operation. The insurgents resented being totally ignored in an official way, and at the same time being made use of to hold the miles of swamp around the town—even the lines in front of the camp of American troops at Jambo. They were not informed of the plan to capture the town by the combined action of the land and the sea forces, but of course followed us into Manila on the day of the surrender. No effort was made by our troops to occupy the Spanish works on the line of the defences, and the insurgents took possession of them all, with the single exception of the fort San Antonio Abad, which had been bombarded by the fleet. They fixed their lines wherever they saw fit, without any protest from the American authorities, and in Malate held a strip of territory which completely separated one part of our lines from the other, so that they held an uninterrupted zone entirely around the town, from Malabon on the north to Malate on the south. They then proceeded to establish an *octroi* and to collect taxes at the markets and various other places. They held the water-works, and only allowed the water to be turned on after much delay, and as a special favor which might at any time be rescinded. They controlled the railway and the Pasig River above the town. The trains were permitted to run only on condition that no foreign troops should be carried, and no navigation was allowed on the Pasig except by written permission of Aguinaldo. They turned the Spanish works from defensive to offensive positions. They made little attempt to conceal the fact that they were importing rifles and Maxim guns, and they recruited actively and drilled with great diligence in all the suburbs of the town. In Cavité they continued to starve to death the Spanish prisoners within the lines of our own guard, and insisted that we had nothing to do with their prisoners, and went so far as to march away those whom General Merritt had ordered to be served with rations. The fate of part of this lot is, by-the-way, well known, but nothing has ever been heard of the remainder. The result of all this has been to develop in the minds of the natives a well-grounded notion that the Americans are afraid of the Filipinos, for on every occasion when a show of firmness would have had a most salutary effect we have backed down in a very ignominious fashion. The affair of the water-works is a notable illustration of our methods.

On August 17 two companies of the First Colorado Regiment were sent out to take possession of the pumping-station of the water-works, about five miles outside the town. A small outpost of the insurgent army disputed the passage of this detachment, and while the officer in command was making up his mind whether it was advisable to force his way through the insurgent lines, a message came from headquarters for the expedition to return to town. Later on, when General Otis insisted that the insurgents should evacuate the suburbs of the town, this same insurgent force, having had experience with American methods, refused to leave their positions, and actually held them for days after the date of the ultimatum, and only evacuated the disputed territory at the repeated orders from the revolutionary headquarters at Malolos. A hundred other cases might easily be cited where we have made a very poor showing in the eyes of the natives, who have no notion of respect for any one which is not based on the consciousness of superior physical force. We have paid dearly enough for submitting to be besieged by them in Manila, where every egg and every quart of milk and all market produce was fixed in price by the insurgent tax-collectors, and where the fresh articles of diet, an urgent necessity in the hospitals, were often impossible to obtain because the insurgents interfered with the market-men, and robbed the peasants so much at the octroi that it did not pay them to bring produce to the town. But still more to be regretted has been the humiliation of our soldiers, who have patiently endured a situation which would have been impossible in any other army, and all because no one was willing to take the responsibility of asserting our proper rights as successful belligerents. The whole history of the capture and occupation of Manila has yet to be told. It would probably be injudicious at this moment to publish many facts in detail, but the secret of our failure there—for it has been a failure, so far as the establishing of our authority goes—has been due, first, as I have just said, to the unwillingness of any one to assume any responsibility, and secondly, to the mistaken notion that a population like that in the Philippines can be governed on the same lines as the municipality of Xenia, Ohio, or any other American town of moderate importance and a citizenship of mixed races. Various authorities on colonization have urged that America take the English rule in India as an example of how to govern the Philippines. But a moment's reflection will show that the problem is quite a different one. The Dutch colonization of Java is much more to the point, for the population of that country is allied to that of the Philippines in temperament, in race, and in the mixture of religions. Further, the peasantry are as contented, prosperous, and progressive under Dutch rule as possible for them to be with their temperament, and they compare most favorably with the natives of the Indian peninsula.

Without any question the educated Filipinos are not in favor of autonomy, for they do not profess that the population is homogeneous enough or enlightened enough to undertake the task of self-government. The ultra-revolutionary party, first under the nominal leadership of a journalist by the name of Luna, who established and edited the revolutionary paper the *Independencia*, has grown rapidly since the congress met at Malolos, at which time it was scarcely given a hearing. It must be remembered that the great majority of the leaders of the so-called revolutionary government are really only petty chiefs in the provinces, and their notions of a republic are naturally crude and vague. Men of the stamp of Arellano and Legarda, who long abstained from any participation in the cause of the insurgents, and whose sober counsels must ultimately prevail, look upon the ambitions of the revolutionary government as suicidal, and destructive to the interests of the Filipino people.

HAVANA

January 20, 1899.

ONE thing that has much satisfied the Cubans in the military government of this island by the United States is the fact that to themselves have been allotted by far the great majority of civil positions and employments. This is to them a pleasing fulfilment of the policy that to the victors belong the spoils. Another fact that is worthy of notice is that very few of the Cubans thus employed have had any previous experience in public life. Mr. Mora, recently appointed Civil Governor of the city of Havana, called yesterday to his office the representatives of the Havana press and addressed them with considerable wisdom and tact. He said he considered himself highly honored with the position offered him, and that he accepted it with the strongest determination to fulfil his obligations to his country, considering only his country's good and advancement. He buried all factional feeling in the past; he started the new work in hand with high purpose. He asked for the co-operation of the press in his labors. "I will make some mistakes," he said, "it cannot be expected that I should not, and I beg of you to criticise them kindly. But if you see me depart from the path of honest and fair administration of my powers, then you may criticise me as hardly as you please. This I am safe in saying to you, because I have no intention of departing from that path."

The installing of Cubans themselves in the many posts of civil administration gives them the chance to demonstrate to us their ability properly to conduct their own affairs, and they will surely do their best so to convince us. If they prove good and efficient public servants, then their arguments for that unattained ideal Cuban independence will be so much the stronger.

Meanwhile Havana city promises to be much governed. First of all, there is Major-General Brooke, who, as Governor-General of the island of Cuba, with headquarters in the capital, has an active interest in the municipal administration of this place. Next, there is General Ludlow, Military Governor of this city. Frederico Mora has been appointed Civil Governor. Perfecto Lacoste is Mayor, and under him are five assistant mayors; and then there are the twenty-four city councilmen—only two of which are Spaniards. These several controlling heads and bodies are too recently appointed for the limits of their various functions and powers to have been clearly defined. The civil administrators are of course controlled by the American military authority. A morning paper asks, "What is the purpose of the city council of Havana?" The article in question goes on to say that the recent commission appointed by General Ludlow to investigate the condition of Havana's finances is independent of the city council; that no member of this commission is also a member of the city council; and all that pertains to municipal affairs, such as rendering a report on the state of the city treasury, rightly comes within the province of the council in question. Furthermore, the fact that General Ludlow has also filled, by appointment, certain municipal positions formerly in the patronage of the city council, and that he appointed the commission to examine and report upon city finances, when this action properly belongs to the Civil Governor, Mr. Mora, is brought forward as an additional reason for asking, "Of what use is our city council?" We are to-day bearing the beginnings of a political question, the importance of which will probably grow with the development of Cuban administration. This matter can be summed up thus: The American military authority, under the old laws of the land, appoints Cubans to civil positions. How far will the American authority permit this civil authority to assume the initiative and act independently—for the laws under which they are appointed give them considerable independence of action—and to what degree will these civil administrators admit the control of the military?

Major-General Menocal of the Cuban army—of the "Army of Liberation," to give it its Cuban name—has been appointed chief of the Havana police force, and General de Cardenas is his first assistant. Colonel Moulton has been efficiently active in the organization of this branch of the public service, and former Chief John McCullagh, of the New York Police Department, has been his adviser. A very thorough organization, based upon the principles of the New York force, has been accomplished by these gentlemen. Havana has been divided into twelve police precincts and six inspection districts. There are to be one thousand policemen, properly clad in uniforms obtained from the States, and armed with American policemen's clubs. Applicants for positions on the new force are being examined daily, and there are already several hundred accepted members. Besides being able to read and write and possessing a good character, a man to be accepted as a policeman must be five feet six inches tall, a ruling that shuts out many applicants. Among those who have been examined for this purpose have been several ex-lieutenants of the Spanish army. On the strength of their former military positions, some of them have asked for officers' commissions in the force, and have withdrawn their applications when refused. But others are glad to be made patrolmen, and to accept the fifty dollars American money a month, which is their salary. A man who is excellently posted in police organization says this salary is insufficient; that it should be raised to seventy-five dollars a month. Living is high in Havana, and a policeman, to be honest, should be properly fed and housed. This economy of salary in the initial outlay will not give as reliable a force as would result from better paid men. General Guy V. Henry, Military Governor of Puerto Rico, has recognized this fact, and has organized his police force in San Juan on a fifty-dollar-a month basis, but with the assurance that proficient and honest men will be raised to seventy-five dollars a month. This new Havana police force will probably be on the streets on or soon after the 1st of February. They will have comparatively little to do, and this because the people of Havana are very temperate. While saloons and cafés abound, and there is no liquor license in our understanding of the expression, there is remarkably little drunkenness, and the local police will not have to combat that "drunk and disorderly" element which forms such a large proportion of our own police-court trials. Much of the effort of the Havana police will be directed toward the enforcing of city ordinances of health and sanitation, which, in the beginning, and because of their newness, will probably be disregarded.

A certain set of rules on this subject has just been made public, and householders are allowed fifteen days in which to comply with them; failing therein, the government will proceed to do, at his own expense, what the householder neglects to perform. Havana cannot be made healthy in a month or a year. What can be done to-day is to minimize the danger from infectious diseases, while proceeding with the radical changes which are imperative before the city will be a safe place for the thousands of Americans who will come here.

Twelve hundred men are employed in cleaning the streets, and this number of workers is being increased. The great majority of them are Cubans, and the results of their work are already noticeable. This street-cleaning department has a plentiful supply of brooms, carts, and shovels, and there are plenty of unemployed men in Havana to do the work, and much is expected from this effort. The various and many city hospitals and asylums are being examined by American authorities, and active steps are being taken towards their improvement.

Three hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars was taken in at the custom-house during the first two weeks of 1899, and this is only $7000 less than the amount thus collected during the same period of 1898. Thirteen thousand dollars of the custom-house funds has already been paid out for street-cleaning, but otherwise these receipts are intact. At the end of the month they will be available for the expenses of government, and at that time Colonel Bliss, Collector of the port of Havana, will have on the field a proper disbursing department, and be ready to pay out custom-house funds upon the requisition of the proper authority.

The Eighth and Tenth regulars and some batteries of artillery are encamped on the squares and plazas of the city. They are here to guard the city, and American soldiers with rifles over their shoulders are as familiar here as are policemen at home. These regular troops are behaving very well. The sale to them of spirituous liquors has been prohibited in an order posted in all the cafés, which is stringently enforced. The Seventh Army Corps, under General Lee, is encamped at Marianao, about eight miles out of town. Here there are some ten or twelve thousand men with nothing to do. Camp life is deadly monotonous, the soldiers are seldom if ever allowed to come into Havana, and out in that big encampment they invite disease and epidemic. If they are kept where they now are, the next two or three months will show an alarming health condition.

The city of Havana is filled with men without work, and the civil authorities are besieged by office-seekers. One of the solutions to the Cuban question lies in the supplying of work to the unemployed. At present they throng Havana. Some there are who cannot go afield where work can be had, and there are others who will not leave the city—men who want some certain employment, and who obstinately remain here in the hopes of obtaining it. The establishment of a system of labor bureaus throughout the island, operated from a controlling head, would help the unemployed to labor, and could also do much toward relieving the congestion of the hungry in Havana and the other large cities of the island where they to-day congregate. HAROLD MARTIN.

The Sixteenth Regular Infantry at San Juan

HE who in line of battle carries a gun and does most of the killing is rarely heard from after the echo of the fusillade dies away; and yet this man is not only the important factor in war, but he knows a very good deal of what is going on, and can, if you will listen, tell you much that is of interest.

After reading every available report by the officers and various war correspondents in regard to the splendid fight which the American soldiers made at Santiago, I sought my friend of the ranks.

It does not always follow that the regiment or company which loses most heavily in an engagement is made up of any better or braver material than some other command which escapes more fortunately, but any old soldier will tell you that a heavy ratio of killed and wounded is a pretty good indication that these troops were in the thickest of the fray and stood up well to their work.

As the men of the Sixteenth Regular Infantry and the colors of that regiment were first on the heights at San Juan, and as this regiment lost more heavily in killed and wounded than any other, and as the losses in Company E of this same regiment were heavier than those in any other company engaged, I asked an army friend, who was in a position to know, to refer me to some member of this company who had distinguished himself in that battle, as I wanted to get a description of the fight from the stand-point of a man that carried a gun. He referred me to Corporal Frank S. Boone, a direct descendant of the famous Kentucky frontiersman, who was among the first half-dozen who reached the Spanish trenches. He told me this:

CAPT. W. C. McFARLAND,
Co. E, 16th U. S. Infantry.

"We broke camp about half past three on the morning of July 1. Our march to the front was very slow, owing to the condition of the road, the thick vegetation of that country having narrowed it until it was little more than a path, while the heavy rains which had fallen during the night made it in places almost impassable, causing the column to move a great deal of the time in single file. We had passed El Pozo about a mile when we first came under the Spanish fire, and from this point to the San Juan River our way led through a dense jungle.

"When about six hundred yards from this stream our regiment filed to the right and formed in line of battle. Although the enemy's bullets could be heard clipping through the bushes or whizzing over our heads, and occasionally striking a man, we could not see the Spaniards, nor did we know their position. Anyhow we pushed forward, each company separately breaking its way through the heavy underbrush and wading the river, along the further bank of which our line was re-formed in a sunken road which ran nearly parallel to the San Juan Hill, the crest of which, lined by the enemy's earth-works, was five or six hundred yards away. As soon as we began to appear along this road the Spanish fire of artillery and small-arms, which had been going on as we advanced, became now very much more severe and accurate. In this slightly sunken road we threw ourselves flat on the ground to protect ourselves as well as was possible, for we were not permitted to return the fire of the Spaniards, whose straw hats we could see bobbing up here and there along the line of their earth-works away off on the crest of the hill.

"In this position we remained for probably a half-hour, until it began to look as if there were no orders for us to do anything, either to move forward or to retreat. After we had been in this position a few minutes, either by reason of some misunderstanding of orders, which were construed to mean a retreat across the river, or a false alarm of some kind, just to the right of our company a number of men started to break to the rear. Owing to the quick foresight and prompt action of Captain McFarland, who rushed in between the men and the river and assured them that there was no order to retreat and that everything was all right, that we were going forward to take the hill, what bid fair to be a stampede was prevented.

"Shortly after order was fully restored, Lieutenant Ord of General Hawkins's staff passed along the rear of our line, and called for volunteers to rush forward and cut down the heavy wire fence which was west of the road and between us and the Spaniards, so that we could make a rush for the hill. There was a level field of high grass stretching from this wire fence some four or five hundred yards to the foot of the San Juan Hill, which rose quite abruptly some one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet to the crest where the Spaniards were.

"As soon as the volunteers were called for, our entire regiment arose quickly, ran to the fence, and soon clipped the tangled maze of wires, and broke across the field at full speed. Leading the front of this swift rush upon the enemy, Captain W. C. McFarland, at the head of his company (E), reached a position well in front of the remainder of the line. With our bodies bent forward as close to the ground as possible, few stopped to shoot, although subjected to a deadly fire from the enemy, who from their protected position emptied their magazines into us. We made quick time to reach the foot of the hill, where we would be out of their range. Most of our men who fell were shot between the roadway and the foot of the ridge.

"When we reached this safe point we did not stop even to catch our breath, but swept on up the hill, following the gallant Captain McFarland, who seemed determined to be the first man of all in the Spanish trenches. It was hot work under that July sun to make this long march, and then after this rush of several hundred yards to climb the steep sides of the San Juan, but it did not take us long to reach the brow, or crest, where we were within thirty or forty paces of the Spanish line.

"The enemy, seeing our heads appear from below the hill, broke and fled from their trenches, and practically ceased their firing. Our own batteries, from their station fully a mile in the rear, did not seem to realize that the American troops were now so near the Spanish breastworks, for just as we were chasing them out of their trenches Captain McFarland, who had led the charge, and who, pistol in hand, was in the act of firing at the retreating enemy, was struck down by a piece of shrapnel from one of our own guns, which exploded immediately over our heads. As soon as the enemy disappeared in the distance, we gathered around our fallen captain and had him carried to the field hospital, where, fortunately for all, it was found that his wound was not mortal. We had gone into the fight with 63 men, and had 19 killed and wounded, our ratio of loss being near 30 per cent."

JOHN A. WYETH.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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Loans on Policies	225,570.52
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AMATEUR SPORT

SPORTSMEN and friends generally of college boating will sincerely regret the inability of Harvard-Yale and Cornell to agree upon a fitting course for next June. Not simply that it takes one interesting factor from the race, but because of its significant bearing on the future of competitive college rowing.

Perhaps it was only a sportsman's dream, but many of us have believed in the practicability of a week of college boating that should be, among university men, in America what Henley is in England, not merely in its racing programme or methods, but in character, both of the event and of its spectators. It seemed at the opening of this year as though the dream, if so it must be called, were about to be realized—at least, all the elements were at hand to make materialization easily possible. The only thing lacking was the spirit.

Absence of boating spirit in our universities has been perfectly obvious these many years. Sometimes, too, I feel that no sporting spirit is discernible, except in so far as it makes for beating somebody. Despite all the learned gentlemen who direct the athletic destinies of our universities, there is manifest so short-sighted a conception of the possibilities of college sport as to be depressing. I would fain believe that faculty advisers are not so concerned with the mere winning as their repeated attitudes suggest. Splitting definitions appears to absorb such an amount of attention, that no one shows inclination to stand upright and look ahead five or ten years into collegiate sporting situations.

WHETHER Cornell enter the Harvard-Yale race this year, or next year, or any year, is not the vital question with sportsmen. The mere arrangement of a race between any two or for any three of the half-dozen rowing colleges is not the end and all of collegiate boating. Such matters are settled in accordance with individual interests and necessities, and all the ding-dong in the papers recently over Harvard, Yale, and Cornell served no purpose other than to sensationalize the proceedings, and very likely to distract attention from the real injury being done collegiate boating through neglect of opportunities.

It is bitterly disappointing that the maturer advisers of the universities concerned should themselves have been so absorbed in the making of schedules and in the discussion of racing courses as utterly to ignore the opportunity offering for a general agreement upon some plan to be the forerunner of a week of genuine college boating.

AND it is not to be understood that a week of eight-oared racing is advised, or even implied, for such an occasion. The crying trouble of college rowing to-day is the lack of any idea or of sufficient crews outside of eight oars. The lack of boating spirit is of course responsible for the deficiency, and the sponsors for rowing at the several universities are to a considerable extent answerable for the contracted boating policy.

If the undergraduates were given the opportunity, candidates would soon be forth-coming for other shells. Singles and pairs and fours are the rowing need of the day, and would be supplied by such a boating week as Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Columbia could have agreed upon. A proper conception of the possibilities of such a week would have raised the boating delegates above considering the arrangement of an eight-oared race between all parties as a necessary feature. In plain words, Cornell's disposition with regard to the Harvard-Yale race should have made no difference one way or the other. That Harvard and Yale meet in one dual eight-oared race, and Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Columbia meet in a triple, is no reason why there should not be other races in singles, pairs, fours, among all these universities; nor is it any reason why the two important eight-oared races should not be rowed on the same water on different days.

It was a great opportunity that Harvard-Yale and Cornell had recently to do something substantially beneficial for college boating, but single contemplation of selfish interests shut all else from their narrow vision.

IT is not generally known, perhaps, that Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Columbia two seasons ago organized the Inter-collegiate Rowing Association, which might ordinarily have accomplished something worth considering had the broad subject of collegiate boating been taken more into consideration, and the two oldest rowing universities been of the organizers. No college boating week, such as sportsmen have hoped for, will be achieved by an Association that chooses such popular courses as Saratoga and Poughkeepsie, or of which Harvard and Yale are not members. The rowing association of Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia, is as meaningless as the football association of Yale and Princeton which seriously pretends to the annual distribution of "championship" footballs.

MUCH has been said and written about the relative merits and demerits of the Poughkeepsie and New London rowing-courses. I have heard a great deal of evidence on both sides—not from prejudiced college coaches or alumni, but from disinterested men capable of passing judgment, from boatmen living on the waterway—and the consensus favors New London. As a race-course for a large regatta, where more than three crews are entered in a single event, New London is impossible, whereas Poughkeepsie is the finest in this State. For any race the Poughkeepsie course is a beautiful one, so far as concerns space permitted to entries, the natural surroundings, and, when not disturbed by passing steamers, the waterway itself.

The climate of New London, a majority of unprejudiced physicians say, is more bracing and better to train in during June than that at Poughkeepsie. Professional watermen and boatmen say there are eddies on both rivers, and peculiar and unexplained eccentricities of currents; that, for instance, on the Hudson the tide is running out in the centre of the river for a couple of hours after it has begun running in along both sides; that in places close inshore on the Thames the water is dead, while in the channel is a one-and-a-half-mile current. All this is as fair for one as another; and, except on a good-sized lake, perhaps not a rowing-course exists which does not show variations of more or less degree.

Neither at New London nor at Poughkeepsie have they ever been regarded as serious enough to bear appreciably on the result of the racing. The historic rowing-courses of England, where the Oxford-Cambridge annual eight-oared race and the Henley regatta are held, offer much more serious obstacles to fair racing, and yet we hear no complaints. The best crew will win, whether on the English or American Thames or on the Hudson. All argument to the contrary is apt to be unconvincing and to suggest search for other motives.

THE two serious and tenable objections sportsmen and unprejudiced college men have to Poughkeepsie are (1) the traffic on the river, which is a constant worriment to crews and an ever-present menace to shells; (2) the absence of traditional surroundings, of alumni reunions, of that university atmosphere which is utterly out of the question at Poughkeepsie, or at any course that is within reach of the excursion fleets, the beer-venders, and the shell-game projectors of a big city. The first objection makes Poughkeepsie a decidedly uncomfortable training and racing course; the second objection makes it a most undesirable one. Apart from all other considerations, and, in truth, of least importance, is the central location of New London. Midway between the two oldest rowing universities in the country, and about half-way between the two cities—New York and Boston—that, except for a football game in which Pennsylvania is actively concerned, furnish three-quarters of the spectators at all the amateur contests of first importance in the East.

FEELING at Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Columbia, inimical to New London, appears to be of comparatively recent development. They all rowed there formerly and annually, with entire satisfaction to the individuals of the crews and to the general collegiate body. I never heard of a race lost or won through the eccentricities of the waterway. If any of my readers has heard of one, I shall be grateful for information.

The plain fact is that the Cornell-Pennsylvania-Columbia race was taken from New London to Poughkeepsie with the idea that the change would spare the event from close comparison with the Harvard-Yale race in the matter of spectators, general interest, etc. It is nothing to the discredit of Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia, that their race at New London did not arouse the interest or bring out so many spectators as the Harvard-Yale race; nor is it to the discredit of the three that their race, whether it be on the Hudson River or on Saratoga Lake, will never attract so many onlookers as the annual event of the two.

There is no special point to be made in this; the facts are familiar. I have set it down as mere matter of college boating history that the move from New London to Poughkeepsie by Cornell *et al.* was not due primarily to dissatisfaction with the Thames course *per se*.

HOW much of wisdom it may reveal is a question on which not all of us will agree, but there can be no misunderstanding the resolution in Cornell's refusal to leave the Hudson. Personally, I am convinced that Cornell's attitude is dictated by sportsmanly motives; yet to have declined the move to New London, which the offer of Pennsylvania and Columbia made possible, narrowly escapes athletic asceticism. Truly I think the burden of a certain dignity which winning colleges are constrained to uphold has perhaps kept Cornell from being entirely natural. And this is uttered with all due respect to her newly acquired predilection for Poughkeepsie. Moreover, Harvard's discourtesy in publishing in the newspapers the joint reply of the Harvard-Yale captains to the Cornell captain before the latter had received their letter through the mail was cavalier enough to account for all the resolution in Cornell's reply. Cornell owes nothing to either Harvard or Yale, and was quite right in resenting this oft-revealed Harvard method of communicating with rivals.

I can see no particular reason why Cornell should row with Harvard and Yale on the Thames if, for reasons sufficient to herself, she prefers rowing on the Hudson. Nor can I see any good reason for Harvard and Yale's leaving the course they prefer, and going over to one they dislike, merely to row Cornell. So far as I am able to see, neither side is indebted to the other. For this year, at least, Harvard and Yale's interests and necessities go one way, and Cornell's go another. In time I feel certain that all the parties concerned will come to appreciate the Thames as the course to be desired for the particular purpose of college rowing. At present the rowing colleges are divided, and I cannot see that any of them is to be criticised, however much individual choice may cause us wonder. Only the "sporting gent" makes the mistake of regarding the two forth-coming races—one on the Thames, the other on the Hudson—as rival rowing functions. The misfortune is that present chances are wrecked for the immediate establishment of an annual week of college boating. Discernment seems not to be an integral part of college boating committees in 1899.

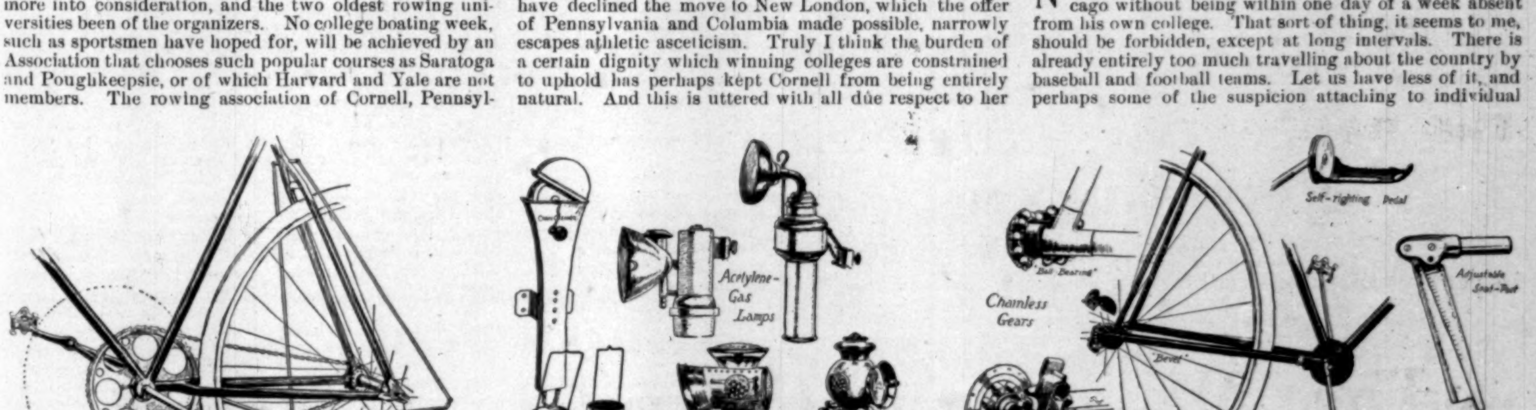
BEARING in mind the ruling undesirability of meetings between college and strictly club teams, some surprise is occasioned by hearing that Wisconsin has completed arrangements for a triangular race with the Boat Club of Duluth and the Delawares of Chicago. And there is, too, a note of discouragement in the news. Not that Wisconsin has erred by entering into such an arrangement, but that conditions should compel her to do so. Surely it is disheartening that with so good a boat club as they have at Madison no inter-university races can be arranged short of the East. That such a club is maintained, and that, in proportion to university enrolment, there are as many rowing-men at Madison as at Cambridge, certainly bespeaks a deep inherent interest in the sport.

The Eastern races of the Wisconsin crew have been an immense financial burden to the athletic association, and I doubt if another eight will soon be seen on the Hudson. They have more than eaten up the football surplus, and it has been necessary each year to raise about $1000 by subscription. Yet, certainly from the student body, there has never been raised a voice of protest against this far-away seeking of honors both elusive and illusive. To incur the luxury of a large indebtedness for the sake of a chance to beat the Yale Freshmen, when the only value of such a victory lay in gaining such prestige as would permit the incurrence of further indebtedness for the chance of a handicapped meeting with better crews—this is indeed enthusiasm. Misdirected enthusiasm, I should say. It is paying too dearly for your whistle.

WITH the probable abandonment by Wisconsin of Eastern racing-waters as an annual venture for its crews comes the thought whether the tendency to seek athletic contests afar is beneficial. Candidly, I do not believe in this athletic roaming for glory. Much for good for the college and for the sport, whether it be rowing or football or baseball, is to be accomplished by concentrating all energy at home, where one's interests and one's natural rivals are to be found.

Occasional contests between widely separated college teams or crews are not objectionable. In fact, I believe they have a stimulating effect; but, like all stimulants, they lose their value if applied too frequently. There ought to be, for instance, an inter-college track-athletic meeting in Chicago, because it is central, every four years—*i. e.*, once during the average undergraduate life of every college athlete from California to Maine. No one will deny that such a meeting would do much for track athletics throughout the smaller colleges of the country. So too, now and again, a game between an Eastern and a Western college eleven is beneficial to the sport. But as a regular annual fixture, as indications point to its becoming, there would be benefit neither to the sport nor to the contestants. Several years should elapse between such games—where the universities are so far apart as, for example, Pennsylvania and Chicago, and Princeton and Ann Arbor; certainly it is a matter for faculty intervention. It is a step leading to that athletic over-indulgence which beset us a few years ago, and dominated class-room and even council-chamber.

NO Eastern university team can make the trip to Chicago without being within one day of a week absent from his own college. That sort of thing, it seems to me, should be forbidden, except at long intervals. There is already entirely too much travelling about the country by baseball and football teams. Let us have less of it, and perhaps some of the suspicion attaching to individual



NEW IDEAS IN BICYCLE GEAR AND SUNDRIES AT THE '99 NEW YORK CYCLE SHOW.

athletes will banish with his more frequent appearance in the lecture-room.

I do not quite understand how Chicago can undertake the baseball and football tours contemplated and the members of its teams maintain a class-room standing. In the East the tendency, at those colleges where the place of sport is intelligently conceived, is just the opposite from the touring spirit advertised by Chicago. Long trips are not in favor, and this year, in baseball, both Harvard and Pennsylvania have forbidden their nines to schedule games with professional or semi-professional teams.

Friends of college sport are convinced that its ends are served best by tolerating no serious interference with class-room attendance, and trips that keep fifteen or more men away from home for a week at a time do seriously interrupt class-room work. We of the East have run the gamut of athletic aberration, and are familiar with its blandishments and its disappointments. Now we are striving to all healthful rivalry in a wholesome and perfectly rational manner. Really, the only permanent prosperity in sport comes under normal conditions.

I fancy the season of '99 will witness further development along the normal line—by a football game between Princeton and Pennsylvania.

POSTING hot haste after "championships," or its brother folly "national reputation," is neither healthful nor profitable. The scandals resulting from the gathering of stars suggest the unwholesomeness, and the failure of clubs whose professional methods have been notorious, like, for instance, to cite clubs fresh in the public mind, the Orange A. A. and the Pittsburg A. C., should be convincing of the unprofitableness.

The most recent, and perhaps in some ways the most impressive, illustration of the futility of seeking permanent athletic prosperity through unwholesome methods, has been furnished by the Chicago Athletic Association. Here is a club with a complete athletic equipment and a home thoroughly appointed and attractive. It is in the centre of a section which, for four years past, has been stirring with athletic fervor, not to mention the athletic movement among the schoolboys in the city of Chicago itself. What an opportunity the C. A. A. had for founding its athletic department upon a rock! Virgin soil and a powerful club in a town prone to loyalty and booms!

There were times when remorse, superinduced by a low treasury, drove the club to brief periods of athletic reform. The only substantial gain made towards purer sport, however, was while Herbert Alward was responsible for the eleven. Alward was an old Harvard 'varsity player, and the best of that type of athlete whose fitting motto is *mens sana in corpore sano*. Herbert has gone, but his gentle heart and his forceful sportsmanly play will long live as dear memories to his friends and in the Chicago club.

NATIONAL reputation was the dearest wish of the C. A. A., and, to secure it, track athletes were gathered in at some expense to the club, and football-players hired and paid cash. While the athletic committee rested from its recruiting efforts, it figured on the prospective gate-receipts, and indignantly denied unpleasant insinuations against the amateur status of its athletes.

Once or twice half-hearted efforts were made to shake clear of professional methods, but without avail. There was an element in the club that proclaimed a winning team absolutely necessary to the club existence. They proclaimed loudly and frequently, and they prevailed; for the voices of those who believed professional methods not necessary to athletic prosperity were few and weak.

Yet these voices have been developing strength and numbers during the last two years, and two weeks ago they made themselves heard by electing a club ticket pledged to the "practical suppression of out-door athletics."

Now the pity of it is that the athletic habits of the club should be so unwholesome as to suggest "suppression." And, too, one cannot look upon the retirement of the C. A. A. from Middle-Western athletics without deepest regret that it should so wantonly have squandered its opportunities and so miserably lessened its usefulness.

AT the same time, hope for the future springs from the ascendency of the better element in the club. And here a parallel between the Chicago club and the New York Athletic Club may not inopportunely be drawn, for the purpose of pointing a moral. The New York Athletic Club, except in football, of which it has no team, has been quite as serious an offender against the ethics and the rules of amateur sport as the Chicago A. A. In point of age and intent, the N. Y. A. C. is both ancient and conscienceless. Although there are quantities of sportsmen in the N. Y. A. C., not in my remembrance has the better element asserted itself with any appreciable result. In fact, a serious effort has never been made, to my knowledge, by the sportsmen of the club, to wrest the direction of athletics from those with slight idea of ethics and even less regard for them. This element of the club has always controlled its athletics, and the few of the better element that have now and again been elected to an executive office in the athletic department have disappointed their friends by fitting into their surroundings with astonishing adaptability. So it has come about that sportsmen have lost respect for the controlling forces of the N. Y. A. C. athletics, who, by-the-way, seem ever diligent. Last week I saw a letter from a recently famous Irish jumper saying he had been asked to join the N. Y. A. C. at no expense, and promised a "job" if he would come to New York.

That the better element in the Chicago A. A. has rebelled against unclean athletics, while the better element in the New York A. C. utters no complaint under similar conditions, precisely illustrates an undeniable difference between Eastern and Western men. The Western man is much the more healthful and genuine at heart; he is more loyal, he is more sincere.

FEARS are expressed by some of my Western friends that the Chicago A. A.'s abandonment of its peculiarly vigorous athletic policy will hurt Western athletics; that ambitious athletes of the West have looked upon athletic membership in the C. A. A. as the logical, if not the only, possible path to "national reputation"; that the withdrawal of this helping hand "is certain to be looked forward to with consternation by the rising generation of Western track athletes." Not very sound reasoning, I take it; for no athlete of promise is, in these days, forced to hide his light under a bushel basket. The abolition of the C. A. A.'s past policy will certainly take a liberal patron from that class of athletes who seek material profit through their athletic skill. But that is a class whose loss we can view with complacency. Nor need we be disturbed by the retirement of so diligent a developer of "promising athletes." There has been too much "bringing out of promising athletes" by the Chicago A. A. Amateur sport in the Middle West will be benefited by less of such zeal. The relationship between the Middle-Western college athlete and club athletics has been altogether too intimate for the good of collegiate athletics.

There is a tremendous amount of buncombe uttered about "national reputation," and developing "promising material." They are the catch-pennies of the vicious or ignorant, and the lure of the inexperienced club and college legislators. It is good for sport to have an occasional disclosure. And it is particularly good for Middle-Western athletics that the better element in the Chicago Athletic Association has at length secured the upper hand.

Once I had hopes that the better element in the Bankers' Athletic Club would triumph, but after the withdrawal of Mr. Frank E. Brown's guiding hand and sportsmanly spirit, it sunk to the semi-professional ranks, where it still was when last heard of.

AMALGAMATION of the Knickerbocker and New Jersey athletic clubs seems a fitting step for two clubs that separately have striven to clean athletics and achieved a fair measure of material prosperity, despite the low ebb of club athletics and the recruiting activity of the New York A. C. By the co-partnership each club secures what it needed most, and amateur sport gains a strengthened champion. The New Jersey A. C. has usually been free of objectionable recruiting devices, and the Knickerbocker has steered an absolutely unvarying course toward honest sport since its present executive took office.

May the partnership result in much good to the clubs and to the cause to which they stand avowed! The New Jersey members will have in New York the use of one of the most completely equipped athletic-club houses in the world, and the Knickerbockers will gain a first-class athletic field, boat-house, tennis-courts, golf-links, and a comfortable and well-appointed country club-house—all of which it needed sorely.

THE joint meeting at the Garden (N. Y.), to celebrate the union, was, on the whole, one of the most interesting of the kind we have seen in the last two or three years. It was chiefly interesting to me through evidence of the new spirit with which the K. A. C. has infused local athletics, and that was revealed by the scarcity of "cracks," and in the very even and generally excellent quality of the entries. A new generation of athletes has been developed without illegitimate recruiting. The meeting was interesting too in emphasizing the virility of the smaller clubs in this vicinity, and especially of the Pastime A. C., whose members, although a social law unto themselves, have abundant spirit, and, as a club, I fancy are upright in track athletics. It is the best of the clubs of its kind about here—the kind that holds Sunday games, and seeks the Bowery for its pleasures—but it deserves credit for holding its own all these years in the face of the ceaseless recruiting of the large clubs.

Some exciting racing marked many of the events, as the presence of Tewkesbury (Pennsylvania), Cregan (Princeton), A. Grant (Pennsylvania), and R. Grant (Harvard) would suggest. Tewkesbury made a brilliant performance in the 60-yard run, which he won easily in the record time of $6\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. Cregan won the half-mile even more easily. The great race of the night was between the Grants for the 5-mile A. A. U. championship. There is little to choose between these men in either speed or staying quality, but in judgment Alexander outclassed his brother on this occasion, and won the race largely because of it.

AMONG the smaller college elevens of the East, none is deserving of more credit than the deaf-mute team of Gallaudet College.

Perhaps there is no minor eleven in the country where better team-play is exhibited. Accustomed to silence, and unable, of course, to hear their opponents' signals, they are ever ready for the play of their adversaries, or to respond to their own signals, which the quarter-back gives on his fingers. The alertness of the team immediately impresses you. To watch the work of these silent players is to experience a sensation new to the side-lines. Of the '98 eleven, a photograph of which was published recently in this department, nine of the men are considered deaf-mutes, though one or two of them have learned to articulate. The team this year averaged 155 pounds.

Football is not a new story at Gallaudet, for one of its tutors in 1875 introduced the Rugby game to Washington. It has always been creative in a small way, having evolved in '85 a series of double passes and interference plays that quite surprised old opponents, including the Naval Cadets, who were defeated by a score of 16–0. This year its chief reliance has been on close formation and revolving wedge.

Although deaf, the majority of the students in Gallaudet can talk, and, like other colleges, have a 'Varsity cry, which is shouted to the movement of a baton in the hands of a leader, and in very good time. Their voices sound a bit strange, but their words are clearly enunciated.

Last autumn they defeated Gettysburg College, 6–0; Maryland Agriculture College, 34–0; St. John College, 6–5; St. Mary College, 16–6; Johns Hopkins University, 28–0; Georgetown University, 17–6.

And were defeated by University of Virginia, 0–10; Georgetown University, 0–11.

Gallaudet belongs to a league of colleges, of which it has won the championship for the last two years.

The best part of its record is the absence at all times of any tendency to sully its work and reputation by the employment of unwholesome methods.

BY their deeds shall ye know them—which is not intended as irreverence or even as a quotation, but only to refer to the statement often made in these columns that the mere spreading of stringent rules on the college records is no guarantee of the spirit with which those rules will be enforced.

Northwestern University has excellent rules, and many of them. Naturally it has the one common to all colleges and athletic clubs—that a man who sells his athletic skill is a professional, and not eligible to amateur teams. Of course the amateur rules are all lived up to and enforced most rigidly. If there is any doubt on that subject the faculty athletic member, the athletic-team managers, and indeed every resident of Evanston will supply reams of evidence attesting the purity of the university's athletic morals and of the morals of every Northwestern athlete past and present. A visit to Evanston is really necessary for a full appreciation of the rarity of the athletic atmosphere.

How rare it is the following statement of its '98 football quarter-back, John Ryan, will suggest:

> "I was engaged to play football by Manager Lart of the Evanston team," he said, "and Coach Bannard and Trainer Max Bentner were witnesses to the agreement. My record as an amateur was above reproach until last fall. Then I agreed to play a game for money in order that I might study medicine. Having become a professional, I think that I ought to receive my salary. Hart's claim that I was to receive no pay for my work on the gridiron is absurd on the face of it. What other inducement could bring me out West to play football for the Northwestern University? I simply needed the money, and, as a natural sequence, accepted Mr. Hart's offer. I am sorry that the matter has become public. It would have been better for all concerned if the story had never got out. At the same time, I mean to get the money."

Undoubtedly, however, full explanations will be forthcoming, and convincing ones—to Evanston.

BICYCLE shows come and go, but the refinement of the bicycle and the multiplying of sundries go on uninterruptedly. To those who are really devoted to the bicycle, who ride it and study it as they would a steed of flesh and blood, the exhibition at the Garden last week was the most interesting in recent years. From a constructional point of view it was notable for the absence of freaks, which suggests the substantial mechanical basis manufactures have finally reached. Refinement is the order of the bicycling day, and noticeable in driving-gear, in bearings, and in frames.

So far as lines are concerned, there is practically nothing to distinguish the '99 wheel from that of '98 or '97. There has been no material change in the size of tubing, while the low frame and "short-head" pattern appears to be the prevailing one. I observed that some of the best makers are returning to the old though strong style of outside joints; and there seems a tendency to lengthen the distance between the front and rear axles, or, technically speaking, the wheel base.

Last year there was a decided preference for a very low drop of the crank-hanger, but that has passed; and this year we return to the normal—the only stable condition, when all is said and done—and the usual length of cranks for road wheels seen last week is 7 inches for men and $6\frac{1}{2}$ for women. An emphatic increase of average gear is to be noted also—that of men's wheels being 80, and women's 70; narrower chains are to be seen, and welcomed.

COLORED enamels were more in evidence than at any previous show, and there appears to be a disposition toward gay, though single, tones. Two years ago the show seemed devoted to tires of every conceivable substance; this year, despite all the claims of indestructibility hitherto advanced for many different kinds, rubber remains the usual—in fact, the only—material in use. There were no tires of leather, or any of those other freaks of which so much was promised in '97.

Nor is there any especial departure in rims or spokes. Broader tires are noticeable, and rims are, consequently, flatter and thicker and wider. A twisted or, as called, "Sunbeam" spoke was shown, which in effect is rather attractive—for women's wheels, say—but nothing save prettiness is claimed for it, I believe. Some of the manufacturers are adding more spokes to the wheel, and in one case fitting them directly into the hub, there being no flanges on the ends. The usual supply of novel hubs is wanting this year, and no one is the loser. Handle-bars show an upward tendency, in which fact there is much cause for rejoicing.

A number of triplets and quads were shown, but few tandems.

Among the sundries, a word covering a multitude of bicycling sins, some were very neat and practicable, as, for instance, a type of luggage-carrier exhibited, a folding crate for shipping purposes, a repair stand, and a contrivance for cleaning the chain. Even a-penny-in-the-slot machine for inflating the tires was in evidence.

UNDOUBTEDLY the features of the show were the chainless wheels and the lamps. Great improvement has been made in the chainless bicycle since it was last put on public exhibition, and wheel men and women appear to regard it with much more favor than they did on its appearance last year. It is no longer regarded as a freak, and that the demand for it is increasing is shown by there being twenty exhibitors this year. There were several varieties shown—the "bevel gear," the "pin and roller," the "spin roller," the "ball gear," and the "spur gear." The general trend is towards simplicity and strength, both of which, judging from the exhibited mechanism and the travel records made with the wheels, seem to have been attained. A chainless tandem, propelled by five cog-wheels, varying in size from three to thirteen inches, was one of the novelties.

But the gas, or acetylene, lamps were the real feature of the show; there were several makes—all attractive, and apparently practicable; the same being true of the electric lamp on view—one excellent bracket shown fastened to the front fork, thus causing the light to always follow the direction of the wheel—a much-needed improvement.

There were 130 exhibitors, as against 200 in '97 and 300 in '96; but the quality of the '99 show was none the less the best of the three. Fifty bicycle firms have gone out of business since the '97 show.

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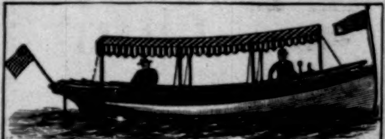

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1899- 35th -1899
Annual Statement
OF THE
TRAVELERS
INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.
JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate, - - - -	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank, - -	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due, -	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security, -	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums - -	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds, - -	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds, -	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks, - - - -	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds, - -	1,462,300.00
Total Assets, - -	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment, -	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance, -	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest, - - - -	400,000.00
Total Liabilities, - -	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders, - -	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force, - -	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00

Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

LONETA
H.C. CURTIS & CO
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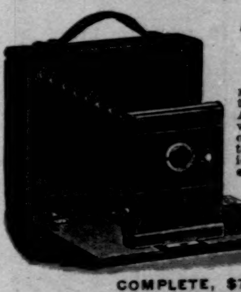

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